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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE speech made by Mr. Hugh Gibson, the chief American delegate of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations on Monday last has entirely changed the prospects, not only of that Commission, but also of Anglo-American agreement on the reduction of their navies. So frank and sensible an appeal cannot possibly go unanswered, and the declaration on behalf of President Hoover that "the United States is willing to agree to any reduction, however drastic, of naval tonnage, which leaves no type of war vessel unrestricted," calls for an equally conciliatory reply from a representative of the British Government. It had seemed that no progress could be made until after the General Election, but now Mr. Baldwin has it in his power to show that the Conservative Party does not lag behind its two rivals in its desire to abolish the menace of armaments.

We are happy to find the Government losing no time in public recognition of the importance of the new opportunity. Sir Austen Chamberlain's statement in the House of Commons puts Great Britain beside the United States in a policy whereby disarmament is made to mean the positive reduction and not merely the limitation of armaments. The statement should obviously have provoked no comment beyond the applause of a sympathetic House. Two injudicious members, however, thought fit to detract from its effect by pestering the Foreign Secretary with questions of method and detail which it would have been untimely to discuss. The American public, however, will not heed them. It will receive Sir Austen Chamberlain's utterance, supported as it is by the Press of the whole country, as the sincere and cordial expression of the earnest desire of this nation as a whole to co-operate in the work of peace. The new criteria suggested by Mr. Gibson have, as Sir Austen said, given greater elasticity to the categories over which Great Britain and the United States differed. To welcome this,

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with a lively appreciation of the new possibilities, is all the Government can do at the moment. But because Sir Austen does not forthwith become definite and detailed, that does not mean that he or the Government or any party is content with pious generalities.

It would be easy to point out that Mr. Gibson's speech contains nothing that is very new. He referred, for example, to the French proposal of 1927, and expressed his willingness to accept it as a basis of negotiation. This proposal, however, does not solve the Anglo-American difficulty, since it leaves all surplus ships of under ten thousand tons in one category, which would still enable the United States to concentrate on the large cruisers that our experts consider as offensive weapons, while we were compelled to concentrate on smaller cruisers to protect our lines of communication. The suggestion that factors other than tonnage and guns should be taken into consideration is obviously the result of the alarm caused to American naval experts by the speed and armaments of Germany's new cruisers, and it is by no means certain that the multiplication of factors to be considered in comparing different fleets will simplify agreement for reduction.

The importance of Mr. Gibson's speech lies not in its technical suggestions, but in its reference to the changes brought about by the Kellogg Pact. "If our solemn promise in the Pact means anything," he said, "there is no justification for the continuation of a war-taxed peace. Great armaments are but a relic of another age, but they will remain a necessary relic until the present deadlock is broken, and that can be accomplished only by the decision of the powers possessing the greatest armaments to initiate measures of reduction." This is the nearest we have yet come to the practical recognition by any one of the Great Powers that signed the Kellogg Pact that it was in future bound by solemn treaty only to use its armaments for international police purposes. Once that fact is generally realized these technical discussions will become superfluous, and financial pressure from the taxpayer will lead to the required reduction of armaments.

There is a tendency, fostered by the French Press, to take the reparations deadlock far too seriously. The Experts Committee, like the Three Power Naval Conference, was summoned without adequate preparation, and has therefore come to grief. But this only means that we revert to the Dawes Plan, for which we were all full of praises until Mr. Parker Gilbert had the unfortunate idea that the time was already ripe for the commercialization of Germany's debt. Dr. Schacht has not played his cards very cleverly, but it is not at all surprising that he has hesitated to pledge his country to make considerable payments for a period of fifty-eight years at the very moment when, for the first time since the war, the United States shows a tendency to study the problems of Europe from an international angle. France will now have to choose between the ratification of the Mellon-Béranger agreement and the

payment of her large debt for war stocks, and, faced by this dilemma, she is naturally bitter in her comments on Germany. But no irreparable damage has been done in Paris, and we have all learned another lesson on the importance of being prepared.

Election dates which suit the convenience of everyone concerned have never yet been found, but there does seem some excuse for sectional grumbling over the dates now announced by the Prime Minister: May 10 for the dissolution; Whit-Monday for nominations; May 30 for polling. At the end of May a number of Territorial camps are in being; and though a day off will be allowed the Territorials, there will be some abstention from voting by those disinclined to travel to their own districts and some grouching by those who undertake the journey to the polling places. Also, though London and the south will be little affected, the industrial north, which takes a longer holiday at Whitsun, will give candidates some trouble. We hear also the criticism that, by premature disclosure of dates, the Conservatives have lost some tactical advantage. By this we are not much impressed, for this General Election is not going to be won by minor tactics. The issues and the electorate are alike too vast for that. The victory will go to those who are felt to be giving the nation a bold lead in vital matters, not to those who snatch initial advantages by smartness.

The King's message of thanksgiving, aptly sent out on St. George's Day, was far more than a formula. It rang with personal sincerity and was finely phrased. The response to a world-wide sympathy with an individual's suffering was of a kind that must greatly touch the world; community of interest we may often seek in vain, but the fellowship of peril and pain is one that binds quickly and strongly. The international goodwill so warmly aroused was warmly and wisely recognized. The King will move to Windsor before long and we hope that his deep sense of duty will not prompt him to too great a concern over any political complications that may follow the General Election. Later he will go to Sandringham, which he has always preferred to Windsor and which is his favourite country-house. Scotland will follow in due time, and Balmoral should complete the long work of healing which Bognor has so well begun.

Now that weather in Afghanistan renders movement again possible, a race for the capital has developed between King Amanullah and General Nadir Khan, and if reports from Peshawar have any foundation, it is probable that Nadir Khan will win the race. As for the actual occupant of the throne in Kabul, he has few loyal troops left him and very little money. He is likely shortly to find himself seriously engaged by Nadir Khan's soldiers, but the most he might do would be to hold up this general until Amanullah was able to reach Kabul. This would be of no advantage to him, so that in all probability, after making a great show of his determination to fight to the last, Habibullah will give up the throne and try to reach safety.

The smallpox muddle is causing, thanks to French panic, some inconvenience to travellers, but dwellers in what the French appear to think is a plague-spot are remaining calm. The facts, of course, are, as we pointed out last week, that a very mild and rarely fatal smallpox is endemic to a slight degree. The tiny epidemic of confluent and therefore dangerous smallpox, emanating from the liner *Tuscania*, has been checked. The fatal illness on the liner *Duchess of Atholl* provoked apprehension, but turned out to be malaria and sunstroke. Meanwhile French measures of self-defence against the "menace" are peculiar; passengers by air are admitted without vaccination, while sea-farers are inspected and, if necessary, vaccinated at the ports. Consequently the tourist traffic is being deflected and Boulogne's loss is Ostend's gain. The sudden discovery of hygienic principles by the French is almost amusing; no nation which pretends to be civilized has hitherto shown a greater disregard for sanitation. Mayors of French towns might think more about their own drains before they fuss themselves into a frenzy about the unvaccinated English.

At the same time we have no reason to be complacent about all of our own health services. Our hospitals have a high reputation and in every profession beginners must somewhere and somehow begin. In the case of doctors, however, experiment may have such terrible results that the very greatest care should be taken that the apprentice hand should be under the eye of experience. The inquest held this week on a baby who died through an overdose of ether during an operation at King's College Hospital revealed hospital methods which the coroner described as "unsatisfactory." The coroner, we think, was polite. It was admitted by Dr. Slot, the hospital pathologist, that anæsthetizing a small baby, "is always a matter demanding considerable skill." The ether in this case was administered by a doctor who had been qualified "for about a week" and the operation was performed by a dresser under the supervision of a doctor who had been qualified for four months. The plea of custom for these arrangements is an aggravation, not an excuse. There should be instant reform. If the hospitals retort that they cannot provide experienced surgeons and anæsthetists to supervise all cases without larger financial resources, the nation must be ready to pay.

The latest menace to rural England is in Dove-dale, where an "amusement park" is proposed on the banks of Walton's lovely stream. Strategically the southern end of Dove-dale is an extremely dangerous position, since it is roughly equidistant from the industrialism of the Sheffield, Manchester and Birmingham areas and within easy motor-coach distance of all. Hence the plan for a riverside Blackpool where the Dove issues from its wild limestone canyon near the serene beauties of Ilam. Surely Derbyshire has enough patriotism to defeat this blow at its very heart? Will not the fishermen beat out the intruder with avenging rods? Meanwhile we record with gratitude and satisfaction the gift of £1,000 by Mr. Boies Penrose, an American resident in

Somerset, to the Councils for the Preservation of Rural England and Rural Wales with an offer of other thousands up to the number of ten to match equivalent gifts from other people. The Councils have ample work to do both as protectors and as the stimulants of the protecting zeal in others. Their assistance appears to be badly needed in Derbyshire. Let the Dove be a symbol both of Nature's war on peace and of man's relentless war on man's vulgarity.

The absurdity, long ago pointed out in these columns, of a legally recognized marriage age lower than the age of consent, itself very low, ensures Lord Buckmaster's Age of Marriage Bill the sympathy of most intelligent people. They will be heartened by the favourable report on it of the Select Committee of the House of Lords. Yet, when all is done that legislation can do, there will remain a task for public opinion. For even this Bill does not raise the marriage age above sixteen, and for an obvious reason no Bill can go much further. The "making an honest woman of her" theory is harmful nonsense, but there are large sections of the population in which it is cherished, and legislation must take some heed of it. What, however, cannot be effected by legislation can be done by social pressure. Persons who countenance the marriages of children—there are some 120 cases a year—should be made to feel that they are enemies of the national welfare.

A number of literary journalists a few days ago had the happy thought of entertaining Dr. Oliver Elton. They were mostly of the younger generation; the older spoke in a message from Mr. George Saintsbury read at the gathering. A tribute from working reviewers to an academic critic is not common, but in this instance it was thoroughly justified, for Dr. Elton is a writer in whom learning is vivified by imagination, opinion controlled by a sense of humour, and literature always related to life, the very antithesis of dry-as-dust. His 'Surveys' are masterly: professors might say as much of them: but the gathering was to testify that they have also the qualities which make a teacher a zestful companion in an intellectual adventure.

If anyone still believes that a grand season at Covent Garden is an event of more social than musical importance, the size and behaviour of the audience on Tuesday night must have convinced him of his error. 'Das Rheingold' provides no more opportunity for conversation and the display of gowns than is afforded during the process of getting to one's seat and out again. Nor does the work itself, being no more than a prelude to the vast tragedy, offer any very human or, apart from one or two moments, even dramatic interest. The attraction is purely musical and largely anticipatory at that. It is evident, therefore, that there is a large public seriously interested in opera, and, whatever may be said about the prices determined by our extravagant system, it must be admitted that, so far as these things can be measured in terms of cash, the enthusiasts got their money's worth on this occasion in a really superb performance.

## MR. BALDWIN'S LEAD

THE electoral issues between the parties are now clearly defined and though there are some details that still remain to be added they are not likely to alter the general outlines already marked out. Of the three parties Labour is the least positive and constructive in its programme. It possesses a sort of bible in which enough impracticalities are set forth to occupy the party to the end of time, but it is rarely that an allusion is made to any one of them.

Except where Mr. Snowden disturbs calculations by his reckless incursions into international finance, the object of the Labour Party is apparently to avoid exciting alarm, to appear respectable, and to negate rather than affirm. The Liberals, on the other hand, are fantastically constructive in their schemes and their leader wishes the country to regard him as a magician who can build palaces overnight if only the electors will rub the lamp of his genius. Conservatives are the patient builders on the facts of human nature and of our modern economic life. A policy that produces its results by adding layer on layer, course on course, is naturally more difficult to express than the single abstraction of Socialism or a feat of conjuring, and if a criticism is to be made of the methods of Conservative campaigning it is that they are still less specific than the nature of the policy demands.

Mr. Baldwin has admirably expressed in his Drury Lane speech the philosophy and mood of the Party. He has indicated already enough new work to occupy the whole time of the next Conservative Parliament. It still remains to fill in these outlines, for builders have to work to more precise plans than magicians or theorizers. Conservatives, of all people, cannot afford to neglect details. It is disappointing, for example, that so little has been made of the repeal of the tea duty, for the fact that it has not been opposed by the other parties is the best of reasons why Conservatives should bring out its significance. And if it be said that parties are elected not on what they have done but on what they will do, that is an additional reason why more attention should be given to the developments of Conservative policy indicated by Mr. Baldwin.

Not the least important of these is the new children's charter that Conservative policy is preparing. The last children's charter was an Act of Sir Herbert Samuel's, one of the provisions of which was that children must not be taken into public-houses but left outside on the doorstep. There is in the new proposals of Mr. Baldwin for the welfare of children an immense topic for Conservative speakers which has hardly been touched. The Local Government reforms with de-rating have been handled merely as a contribution to the problem of unemployment, or as an improvement in the mechanism of local administration. They are also a great measure of public health. It may be that we shall some day trace back to this Act the nationalization of our health services, a form of Socialism which is no more inconsistent with Conservative principles than is our national

system of education. The increase in the number of women on the electoral roll makes it the more important that they should be captured by the programme of work that the Conservative Party has laid out for itself for the welfare of the home, and in particular of mothers and young children. Mr. Baldwin has promised such an improvement of the maternity benefit as will guarantee to every family covered by the insurance scheme proper medical and nursing attention to expectant mothers, besides a cash payment on the birth of a child; and if one measures the value of our political work not by its obstreperous racket but in the improvement of the race that may well be the most important measure for many years.

Mr. Baldwin does not rest there. He promises a measure of slum clearance and new provisions for the care of children in their early years before they reach the school age. Conservatives cannot make too much of this practical and humane social service or contrast it too strongly with the impractical schemes of their opponents for socializing industry and banks. We are the true Socialists, Mr. Baldwin might well exclaim, inasmuch as we are socializing our duty to the poor, and especially to poor mothers and their children. Rightly put, this new programme is capable of sweeping the industrial districts, to the population of which it makes a wider and more moving appeal than rash tampering with the machinery of industry. And it is the more important to present this part of the Conservative case strongly because already the cry has been raised that the Local Government reforms are likely to weaken the social services of health and education.

For unemployment the Conservatives have no single remedy to propose because there is none. Mr. Baldwin is impressed by the strict limitations on what the State can do to improve trade and employment, and that makes it the more important to stress what has been done and remains to be done. It can strike off the artificial impediments to trade prosperity. It can help trade, and notably the railway system, to reconstruct itself on more efficient lines. It can promote the new spirit of co-operation between capital and labour which is making such rapid progress. And it can smooth over the transition from the old to the new order which must inevitably be full of pain and anxiety to the individual worker. Mr. Baldwin has promised to make it easier for men and women to go from districts in which there is less work to those in which there is more. That means a very severe struggle with the trade unionism which regards its craft much as the old squirearchy regarded its social privileges. Labour must be made more adaptable and mobile; it should be the rule, not the exception, for a man to have more trades than one; it is high time that our free education showed results in increased mastery not merely of one craft (there is no more efficient worker than the British) but of many crafts and in the same spirit of adventure and enterprise which has characterized our middle classes. There is a great field of development in the Dominions crying out for men, but the approach is difficult; and it would be a great gain to the Conservative cause if the Government's ideas on this topic were made more specific and concrete. The coming election will be a

great test for the quality of the electorate and Mr. Baldwin stands as the representative of plain and unpretentious but hard thinking, and he credits our people with his own sincerity and realism. They are not, to his school of thought, children to be dazzled by conjuring tricks or doped with a vague abstract ideal. "The people think; they are thirsty for knowledge, they want to learn, and above all they want to do the right thing, and I cannot stand up and I will not stand up before a people like that and go one iota beyond what I know I can perform." A fine idea finely expressed. But understatement too has its dangers, and there is perceptible in Conservative counsels a note of apology and defence that does a monstrous injustice to our case. In fact that case is overwhelmingly strong.

Not only is the record of actual achievement good but it raises the presumption that the future development is even better. If Conservatives can convince the electors that they are the party of ideas (and in fact they are) a fine victory is assured. There are far more ideas in Mr. Baldwin's speech than in Mr. Lloyd George's schemes. Our only doubt is whether through faults of presentation or lack of precision in detail they are getting "over the footlights" as they deserve to do.

### PULLING TOGETHER

THE Melchett-Turner conferences, the happiest move made in our time towards industrial co-operation and goodwill, have this week received an inspiring extension and endorsement. On Tuesday for the first time in history the national organizations of the employers and of the trade unions met "to consider matters of common interest to British industry." The mere fact of such a meeting was a great point gained. What has helped to produce a bad atmosphere in British industrialism has been the failure of employers and labour to get together, to appreciate each other's standpoint and difficulties, and to show in some positive and tangible fashion that their interests are and always must be identical. The peculiarly grudging and suspicious temper in which the processes of manufacture have been conducted in Great Britain has no exact counterpart in the industry of any other land. It has been our special and distinguishing curse, for which both sides have been equally to blame; and a curse irremovable except by the magic of sustained personal and sympathetic contact. Could there be a more pitiful commentary on the spirit which has deformed British industry than the fact that it is only now, in April 1929, that the leaders of the employers and of the trade unions have for the first time officially forgathered to make peace instead of war?

Happily there is always something more than an even chance that when representative men of the British stock can be persuaded to meet at a round table their good humour and reasonableness will prevent them from breaking up without an agreement. This is what happened on Tuesday. The welcome fact of the meeting was capped by the still more welcome fact of a unanimous resolution binding the two

employers' bodies and the General Council of the Trades Union Congress to appoint a committee for the purpose of examining "the best methods for consultation and co-operation." This is to carry a long step forward the work which Lord Melchett and his fellow employers initiated over a year ago. It is to carry it so far forward, indeed, as almost to make the continuance of the Melchett-Turner conferences superfluous.

The weakness in one sense, the great strength in another, of the position of Lord Melchett and the industrial leaders he gathered round him was that they represented nobody but themselves. They could show, and they did show, that it was possible for some of the biggest employers in the kingdom and for the principals of the trades union movement to range amicably and fruitfully over the whole field of industrial problems. The decisions they came to, the reports they agreed upon, were the indispensable basis for further and more official negotiations. That basis in all probability could never have been established had there not been a complete freedom of discussion untrammelled by formal responsibility. But it was obvious that beyond a certain point the deliberations could not be fully productive unless they were carried on by the representatives of organizations qualified to speak and act for all British industry. This in effect is the development that has now taken place. The Trades Union Congress General Council, the National Confederation of Employers' Organizations, and the Federation of British Industries cover every department and every detail of industrialism. They are plenipotentiaries where the delegates to the Melchett-Turner conferences were unofficial emissaries without regular credentials, admirably qualified to explore, suggest and recommend but without power to go further.

A long and rocky road has still to be traversed before a saner industrial dispensation, evolving from its own internal stock of confidence and good will the machinery that will enhance the status and remuneration of labour, obviate strikes and promote the efficiency of production, is brought into working order. But a most helpful beginning has been made, and so long as the principles which have guided the Melchett-Turner discussions are observed—absolute candour, absolute equality and, above all, no politics—the new set of negotiations which made so promising a start on Tuesday stand, in our judgment, a good chance of a successful issue. On that point the only room for misgivings lies in the danger that the discussions may become too official and that no commanding personality may arise on either side to hold the delegates to their task and to inspire them with an unflagging sense of its transcendent significance. There must be a touch of idealism animating practicality if the sharp corners are to be rounded and the goal reached. But the temper and the circumstances of the present and of the immediate future are full of encouragement.

The reaction from the wild mood that loosed the general strike is still deep. The peace which has reigned over British industry almost without interruption for the past two years tends to renew itself. The changes in the conditions of international trade; the conviction that Great

Britain must adjust herself to these changes or fall behind and that the necessary adjustments are impossible unless all who are in industry pull together; the tranquilizing influence of better times and returning prosperity; the grim object-lesson of the unemployed—all these are factors that work powerfully away from strife and waste and towards co-operation.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

THE House is so little accustomed to going out on the razzle at its time of life that the double excitement of the Budget and the row over inter-allied debts seems to have satisfied its dramatic propensities for the moment. Mr. Snowden's intemperance last week has invested discussion with the almost exaggerated sobriety of the morning after the night before. We have not heard the last of this incident; the temper of the House is becoming more and more assimilated to that of the hustings with the approach of the day of dissolution.

The prospect of appearing for Judgment before twenty-seven million recording angels is alarming for all parties, but the Government seem much less worried by what can be seen of their performances in the Statute Book than the Labour front bench are by what can be read of their intentions in 'Labour and the Nation.' The result has been a series of speeches by Labour leaders presumably intended to placate the Mammon of moderation and to act as an insuranec against the effect of more fiery utterances, without, however, renouncing the orthodox doctrines of the Socialist faith.

On Thursday Mr. Thomas was at great pains to discountenance any suggestion that a Labour Government meant the disintegration of the Empire, and spent a good deal of time recapitulating the record of his own administration at the Colonial Office in 1924 to prove the point. To his suggestion that the Labour Party would press forward the development of Imperial resources and the improvement of methods of consultation with the Dominions with even more vigour than the present Government, Mr. Amery replied that the continuity of policy so laudably advocated by Mr. Thomas had not always been so complete as he would like people to believe, as, for example, with regard to the refusal of the Labour Government to ratify the Imperial Preferences agreed to by the Imperial Conference. The Dominions Secretary outlined a possible way of getting over the difficulty of emigrants having to forfeit their rights under Social Insurance schemes, which was well received, and would certainly overcome one important discouragement to overseas settlers.

The Bill, which is necessary in order that the de-rating of agricultural land may take immediate effect, was given a second reading on Friday. The Opposition did not challenge a division, but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald explained that he did not think the relief would do agriculture much good. He was careful not to be too precise about the Labour land policy, and the House was left in some uncertainty as to how far the financing of capital improvements and the subsidization of particular products were part of it.

On Monday, after the Liberals had made a demonstration in favour of trade with Russia at question time, Mr. William Graham led off with a lecture on the national income intended to show how fortunate the income-tax paying classes were, and how more money could be got out of them without their feeling it, or at any rate without any justifica-

tion for squealing. This effort at squaring the Socialist financial circle having evoked no comment or response of any kind, Mr. Snowden tried to draw Mr. Churchill on the betting tax. It is difficult, however, to make much capital out of a mistake which has been admitted and rectified. Mr. Snowden added to the destructive tasks to which the Labour Party is committed by pledging himself to repeal the Act that legalizes the totalisator. Mr. Churchill contented himself with repeating with variations and embellishments what he said in the Budget speech. The House, which had filled in the hope of seeing the antagonists come to close quarters, emptied as soon as it was clear that there were to be no fireworks, and then adjourned at a very early hour.

\* \* \*

As the rules of order do not permit the raising of matters that would require legislation during debates on Estimates, the discussions on the Board of Education and Ministry of Labour votes on Tuesday and Wednesday had perforce to be concerned with the past rather than the future. Lord Eustace Percy surveyed the Government's Educational policy and was able to show whither the important steps already taken were tending. Mr. Percy Harris for the Liberals and Mr. Morgan Jones and Mr. Cove for Labour did their best to pick holes in his statement, but failed to hit on anything of sufficient substance to arouse interest in a very thin House.

On Unemployment Mr. Clynes did not depart from the usual track of Labour denunciation until, in attempting to throw doubts on the impartiality of the Government's administration of Unemployment Insurance, he incautiously launched an accusation of "administrative persecution." These words were at once taken up by the Minister and Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland in his subsequent speech unmercifully belaboured the Opposition spokesman for bringing so grave a charge without giving chapter and verse for his evidence.

FIRST CITIZEN

## BLOOD-PRESSURE

THERE is a fashion in ailments as in most things; and it is interesting to watch the emergence into popularity of some new favourite as an old one declines into obscurity. Recently, "blood-pressure" has taken the public fancy and already is on its way to yield the usual crop of hypochondria and self-concerned morbidity. To the doctor there are few things more generally helpful than an accurate picture of a patient's circulatory integration, and of the range and adaptability of his arterial tension. By many people, and not only by those who make no claim to etymologic precision, blood-pressure is spoken of as implying a disordered state, comparable with nephritis or diabetes. Actually, it is of course only a term in physics, like gravitation or weight. Abnormalities of arterial tension, however, may be pathologically enlightening.

The blood is contained in a closed system of tubes through which it is kept constantly circulating, mainly by the impulsive force of the contracting heart muscle. It is this force on the one hand, and the resistance offered by the blood-vessels on the other hand, that together are chiefly responsible for that tension in the arteries which is by doctors called the blood-pressure; though gravitation and the force exercised by the skeletal and arterial muscles also play their part in hindering or promoting the onward flow of the blood.

Other things being equal, arterial tension is increased by anything that makes the heart-beat more forcible or the resistance in the vessels greater. This

resistance is lessened by a reduction in the total volume of circulating blood, through hæmorrhage or abnormal permeability of the capillary walls; by a relaxing of the muscles in the walls of the arterioles, allowing these to become dilated; or by a loss of tone and contractile power in the capillary walls, making it possible for a man actually to bleed to death without a drop escaping from his body. In spite of a rhythmic rise and fall in tension, the flow of blood through the vascular system is continuous. Were the system a rigid one, the flow would of course be intermittent, the tension falling to zero between the heart-beats. But, owing to the elasticity of the arterial walls, that part of the energy of the heart's beat which is used in stretching these tissues is returned gradually to the blood stream between the beats, thus securing an uninterrupted flow.

At each beat of the heart, tension in the arteries is raised—its highest point being called the systolic or dynamic pressure. Between the beats, the tension steadily falls, its lowest point being the diastolic or static pressure. It is the ratio between these two, rather than either of them considered alone, that most often provides guidance for the diagnostician. A high systolic pressure, so far from being a menace to be removed, may indicate a life-saving effort of the heart to compensate for increased resistance. To say that a man has a rather high—or a rather low—blood-pressure, without qualification or amplification, is little more helpful as a guide to treatment than to say that he is fat or thin.

For clinical purposes, the tension in the brachial artery is that generally measured. The instrument employed, the sphygmomanometer, consists essentially of an inflatable armlet, connected with a dial or a column of mercury, whose marking is noted when the pulse at the wrist or elbow is just abolished by the pressure of the armlet. This gives the systolic pressure. The diastolic pressure is also observed and noted. The readings of this instrument are influenced to some extent by other factors than the tension within the artery; by the rigidity or compressibility of the arterial wall, for instance. But, in practice, these lesser factors rarely cause difficulty. The pressure varies, not only in different arteries as they are nearer or further from the heart, but in different individuals, and at different times in the same individuals. In the normal, healthy person, considerable variations are constantly occurring in the systolic pressure—which is raised during active exercise, physical or psychic—though the diastolic pressure remains fairly steady.

All the activities, not only of the heart but of the circulating machinery generally, are directed towards the securing of a flow of blood through the capillaries of the several tissues in proportion to their temporary needs. A moderately high blood pressure is required if the working parts of the body are to be kept adequately nourished and oxygenated. As Starling has put it, "although the blood-flow through each part is regulated by variations in the calibre of its nutrient arterioles, these variations would be without effect unless a constant head of pressure were maintained in the main artery."

The potential capacity of the blood canals and their ramifications is far greater than the total volume of circulating blood in the body. If all the vessels were simultaneously relaxed, there would not be enough blood to go round; and the heart, missing its proper stimulus, would stop. But the arterioles and capillaries never are in life 'all relaxed at once. Elaborate arrangements exist for partially closing down—or, as is true of capillaries, completely closing down—certain vessels, in order that adequate supplies of blood may be available where it is wanted. When we have had a good meal, blood is diverted to our digestive and absorbing parts; when we are engaged in, or just about to engage in, active

physical exercise, blood is diverted to the muscles, and the vessels of our splanchnic area are reduced in calibre and contents.

The vital activities of the capillary walls have only recently been investigated. The enormous capacity of these vessels is not commonly realized. The total capillary wall area has been estimated as upwards of a thousand times that of the aorta; and it has been shown that the capillaries of the lungs alone normally contain about one-fifth of the total circulating blood; the blood capacity of the abdomen being very much greater even than this. The tremendous and disastrous effect on blood pressure and on circulatory adequacy produced by anything provocative of general capillary dilatation must be obvious.

The condition known as "shock" consists in a more or less sudden depression in the circulation, and in the metabolic activities of the body, consequent on loss of blood, on physical (or possibly psychic) injury, or on chemical stimulus. Although in profound shock the blood pressure is always low, often in less extreme cases the pressure at first does not fall, though the volume of the pulse becomes progressively smaller. This is explained by the fact that it is primarily capillary tone which is lost, the consequent lowered vascular resistance being more or less balanced by a compensatory contraction of the arterioles and smaller arteries. When the arterial pressure falls, it falls rapidly owing to the limits of compensation having been reached. Thus, it is possible for the arterioles to be in a state of pronounced contraction while the blood pressure is steadily falling. Indeed, not infrequently it is the arterial contraction which is the immediate cause of deaths following trauma. Very many cases diagnosed and spoken of as of "weak heart" or "heart failure" are not really heart cases at all. They are examples of failures in prompt vaso-motor adaptability, through prolonged illness, sedentary indoor life, or inherent organic defect. Probably thousands of people, even to-day, are ruining their health and wasting their lives through fictitious invalidity of this kind. There is reason to suspect that deterioration of vaso-motor tone lies at the root of many of the common ailments of civilization—from the ordinary "cold" to apoplexy.

QUAERO

## GOING BIG

"YOU can tell the world I find my plays on the Dirt Track," said the American manager, "but I'll tell the world they're going big." We do not doubt his word. Going big has become a cosmic habit: only house-agents are proud to know the adjective "bijou" nowadays. Cricket went so big in Australia last winter that many of us hardly troubled to look at the Test Match scores. Emerson sagely instructed mankind to regard the years in the light of the centuries; we, regarding those distant centuries in the light of the years they took, could only yawn at a sport which had gone so big. And now golf is "swellin' wisely." It will go as big as cricket before long.

Even when Walter Hammond was getting married the prodigious news-value of centuries and sex-appeal hardly sufficed to edge Hagen and Compston off the front page. On the evening of that happy event Compston's taste in lounge-suits occupied a substantial slab of the advertisement columns in one evening paper while another was vehement about Mr. Ryder's preference in cigarettes. We were fully informed as to whether Compston had or had not quarrelled with the rest of the Ryder Cup team. His solitary practice at Harrogate was no act of a splenetic Achilles. The Britishers were a band of

brothers. We breathed again. In another evening paper the British Girl Champion gave us full details of the clothes worn by the American defenders of the Cup. Her spirited half-column left not a stitch nor a shoestring to the imagination. And so golf goes and grows, bigger and bigger and bigger.

The Ryder Cup, it should be explained, is played for (if play is any longer a legitimate word) by two teams of eight professional golfers representing Britain and America. The affair used to take place quietly and the supreme talent might not make the Atlantic crossing to take part in it. It may, I suppose, have been quite good fun. But now the supreme talent not only comes but comes with a roar. What room for fun in all this fuss? The Press has discovered the Ryder Cup; it has turned the golfer into a gladiator and the golf-course into a Colosseum. When this is printed the men of blood and irons will be hard at it in the arena and the tapes will be clicking out across the Continents the toll of strokes and the fortunes of the day. No doubt a record crowd will gather to jostle the experts round the course at Leeds. Now that we have read so much about the plus-fours and the pullovers, the parti-coloured shoes and the special American uniforms of navy blue, can we refuse to watch the clubs that are the cause of the clothing and the style that is the man? Of course not. Golf is going big.

The result of all this deference to skill is naturally to make it more skilful. Thus most games in which Press-puffed professionalism is continually drawing greater money and commanding greater efficiency are knocked off their old balance. The original challenge to adroitness is battered out of shape and off the field. Consequently the governing bodies have continually to adjust the rules to the growth of games that are going big; increasing the size of the stumps at cricket, for instance, is no longer a fantastic suggestion to be laughed out of Lord's but a practical proposition to be officially discussed there. The groundsman's art and the batsman's patience have destroyed the poise of cricket. In this REVIEW last week a correspondent was wisely suggesting a reform of the rules of lawn-tennis which would prevent the big matches at Wimbledon from being spoiled by the level proficiency which turns them into tiresome tests of endurance. In billiards the professional is habitually out-running the rules as schoolboys grow out of their clothes; several times legislation has been needed to forbid the trick-stroke which could be turned into a point-winning mechanism as sure and as monotonous as the ticking of a well-wound clock. The professional sportsman is like an injudicious juggler; he learns some prodigiously difficult feat and then has to give it all up because it is so prodigiously silly.

Within a few years golf in this country has enormously altered under pressure of American example. The professional used to be a shopkeeper who gave lessons; the Americans turned him into a showman and showthing. The more expensive clubs bought up the more efficient performers as their mascots and advertisements. These new professionals did not have to sell stock or slave away at lessons for a living. They were star performers whose business was to shine, gladiators who were paid to go on expensive tours and become the darlings of the public. Our men, with far less money and freedom, were handicapped: they could not train together, and they had less big-match practice owing to their obligations to their clubs. We are beginning to alter all that. The free-lance gladiator of golf is beginning to "go big" over here: he can afford to break his club-ties because he can earn his keep in prize money and big exhibition matches. Rich men may act as patrons to golfers as the Elizabethan nobles were patrons to poets. The result is probably to increase skill, at any rate in the

long game. The modern "tiger" is baffled by no terrors of length: the architects of courses may stretch out the long holes well beyond the five-hundred-yard mark, but the grand hitters get there in two. In golf of the highest professional standard the long game is ceasing to count because it is uniformly faultless. Even if the drive is hooked or pulled a long iron shot from the rough lands miraculously on the green. The great golf-match of these days is simply a putting-match. Why go to the links at all? Let the teams putt out on a lawn in Hyde Park. Thus to go small is the logical result of going too big.

A suggestion has been made that, in order to restore the balance in golf, the hole should be made larger: the indifferent putter would then be less handicapped and would be able to draw a legitimate advantage from a possibly greater skill on the tee and the fairway. But then the courses would have to be lengthened yet again if the scores of the tigers were not to fall to sixty or so, and for most of us the courses are amply long already. This simply shows that in golf, as elsewhere, the increasing expertness of the professional (with whom we rank the whole-time player who may technically be still an amateur) is creating two different games. There is certainly not much in common between amateur and professional billiards. County cricket and club cricket have drifted far asunder. Are we coming to a time when golf-courses will be divided into tiger-country and rabbit-warrens? It will be no bad thing. Golf goes big, but our drives do not proportionately increase with the fame and skill of Cotton and Compston. We are moving to an epoch of huge money-matches played by individual gladiators on special courses designed to accommodate vast crowds of followers, and very fine spectacles may result. Meanwhile the week-end golfer will go bungling on his pleasant way, willingly admitting that the cup-and-purse game of the tigers is as far removed from his pastime as Old Trafford cricket from that of the village-green.

T. T.

## THE RING

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

NOT Wagner's but the boxing-hall in the Blackfriars Road. It was once the Old Surrey Chapel, and it still suggests a chapel. I remember that when I first saw it, all that remains of my Nonconformist boyhood was wickedly thrilled at the thought of seeing some boxing matches in such a setting. Dick Burge, who was responsible for the transformation, must have been the sort of man I dreamed about when I was a boy, compelled to sit, hot and glowering, under a Children's Address. Its deaconly appearance gave me no thrill last night, however, though it was my first visit for several years. It was not a night for easy thrills. The Blackfriars Road, black and dripping, was being swept by sleet, and I trust that Mrs. Burge, now the director of The Ring, will forgive me if I say that, even after the miserable Blackfriars Road, her hall did not seem very snug and lively. The big lights above the ring itself had not been turned up, for it still wanted some minutes to eight; the place was still dim, chill, cheerless; the cries of the youths who offered us apples and bars of chocolate went echoing hollowly, forlornly; and there was nothing to see, to do. I was alone—with a whole row of ringside seats to myself—and I began to wish I had stayed at home. The programme looked dull. Even the "Important 15 (3-min.)

Rounds Contest" did not suggest anything very exciting.

Then the officials made their appearance. The referee climbed into his high chair, and the time-keeper sat down beside his stop-watch and bell. The fat men in white sweaters brought out their pails of water, bottles, and towels, and stumped round to their corners. The announcer climbed into the ring, which was immediately flooded with hard bright light. I like the announcer at The Ring. He looks as if he were taken over from the original chapel. He has an air of mellowed Nonconformity. His trim white hair and white moustache, his black tie, black morning coat, and dark, striped trousers, these things give him dignity; and even when he bellows "Ler-hay-dees an' Ger-hentle-men, Ser-hix Rer-hound Contest," you still feel that he is probably the last of the Old Surrey deacons.

Two thin but muscular youths, whose street-corner faces seemed almost an insult to their excellent bodies, climbed into the ring, grinned, touched gloves, and then instantly began pummelling one another. They were poor boxers but good stout-hearted fighters, and they pleased the rapidly growing audience. One of them got a cut early in the contest, with the result that both their faces were quickly crimsoned and there were marks of blood on their bodies. Somebody who knew nothing about the sport might have imagined that they were trying to kill one another and that the roaring crowd in the cheap seats was filled with blood-lust, but of course actually they were both good-humouredly slogging away, doing little or no harm to one another, and the crowd was merely applauding their lively spirit. It ended in a draw, a great round of applause, and an astonishing shower of coppers in the ring, so many indeed that it took the announcer and an assistant several minutes to pick them up. These two novices had pleased the crowd, and so it had rained pennies on them. The man sitting in front of me—a fellow with huge shoulders, a battered face, and a professional air—had registered the general verdict when he cried: "A bloody good fight!"

The next two were not so satisfactory. They were dapper dark lads, better boxers than the others but far less pugnacious. One of them was a trifle affected in his footwork and had a funny little trick of his own, a sort of back-kick not unlike that of a stage dancer. This amused the crowd at the back of me. They decided that these antics were effeminate, and immediately, unanimously, christened the author of them "Cissie." They indulged in waggish irony. "Oh, Cissie!" they screamed, as if in girlish terror. "Don't 'urt Cissie," they implored. In the last of their six rounds, however, these two improved and hammered one another to such a tune that the crowd was won over, dropped all talk of "Cissie," and gave them a round of applause as a benediction.

The contest that followed, though it rose to the dignity of twelve rounds, pleased nobody. The two boys appeared to be engaged in a kind of double-shadow boxing. They seemed determined to get through their twelve rounds without giving one another any real trouble at all. "Oh, 'ave a fight, 'ave a fight!" cried a disgusted sportsman at the back. The referee stopped them at

one point and apparently uttered words of reproof. But they did not have a fight. The crowd at the back, tired of giving them ironical congratulations, now began to stamp in unison and to whistle 'All By Yourself in the Moonlight.' The announcer appealed for order, but not very passionately. The time-keeper chatted with his neighbour, smoked cigarettes, and mechanically shouted "Seconds Out" and sounded his bell. The referee yawned harder than ever. The two boys danced round and round the ring, went back to their corners, were slapped and towelled and massaged, returned to the centre each time looking very ferocious, but did not fight. We were all glad to see the last of them.

Now came the event of the evening. The fat men with cigars and the little hard-bitten men with cigarettes stopped roaming up and down the corridor that led to the dressing-rooms. They all came out, looking knowing and important. The lights above the ring looked harder and brighter than ever. You could not see the other side of the building; everything there was a mysterious blue haze, in which a match occasionally twinkled. "Cher-hoc-lait" cried the white-coated youth, more hopefully. "Fine Aipple," retorted the opposition caterer, sticking his tray of green fruit under our noses. The announcer entered the ring, and there waited, grave, important. There was a cheer. Tom had come out, an old favourite and a Bermondsey lad. A grin lights up his broad flat face; he puts his two gloves together, holds them up to salute friends and patrons. He is attended by several enormous fellows with cauliflower ears, old hands. Another round of applause. The Frenchman is out, with Messieurs Dubois and Dupont in close attendance. "Ler-hay-dees an' Ger-hentle-men." Tom has cast aside his beautiful silk dressing-gown, to reveal himself as a brown, stocky little fellow in blue shorts. The Frenchman is performing those mysterious exercises with the elastic ropes that girdle the ring. He is taller and longer in the reach than Tom, but does not look so strong or so fit—a queerly-made, ugly fellow, this "Froggy," as they quickly decide to call him. He does not look as if he will last more than a round or two.

At first Tom seems to have it all his own way. You hear the thump-pad-thud of his glove on Froggy's lean body. But Froggy does not seem to mind. Now and then that long left of his flashes out and sends Tom staggering. "Don't take it too easy, Tom," the crowd tells him. The other Bermondsey lads at the back are full of advice. "Poke it out, Tom," they cry; and then "Turn 'im round, Tom." And Tom is only too anxious to do all these things, but somehow the ungainly Frenchman never allows himself to be hurt. Now and then, it is true, he blinks and gives a queer little grin, all of which suggests that Tom's blows to the body have made some impression, but he comes back from his corner as fresh as ever. Indeed, somewhere about the tenth round, it stops being Tom's fight, and there is now no talk of his taking it too easy. Froggy is not only very quick with that long left of his, but he is also a crafty fellow. Every time Tom rushes in, he is stopped, and you hear the dull thump of the wet glove. And there are moments when Froggy drives Tom round the ring or bounces him against the ropes. If Tom were softer, he

might easily find himself on his back, with the time-keeper's voice measuring out his doom; but Tom is very tough, an old taker of punishment. The last round sees him almost as lively as ever, but now it is Froggy's glove you hear thump-pad-thudding. The final clang—and the referee jerks a thumb towards Froggy's corner. The announcer cannot be heard above the cheers. We do not know Froggy and—to speak candidly—do not like the look of him; but he has proved himself the better man; and so we give him the best cheer of the evening. (Perhaps Froggy's friends in Paris would do the same for Tom—perhaps; it is just possible.) Tom puts his gloves together, shakes them at us, still grinning, and we give him a cheer too. Everybody is good-humoured.

There was more to come, but a great many people were drifting out, now that the great event was over, and I followed them. The Blackfriars Road looked exactly as it had done when I hurried out of it earlier in the evening, a black misery, but the thought of the good-humour I had left behind me kept me warm. When the old Ring is transformed into a gigantic boxing arena, where really big purses are won and lost in a few minutes under glaring film-studio lights, I hope it will keep its good-humour. I hope it will, but I have my doubts.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

### SOME "LIBERAL" CANDIDATES

SIR,—As there are only two political parties in the impending General Election which can be said to be at all effective, namely, the Conservative Party and the Labour Party, each of these parties could do itself a good and just turn if its central headquarters were to publish betimes the names of those "Liberal" candidates who were originally suppliants for nomination by either the Conservative Central Office or by the Labour Central Office—probably by both, in turn. Failing such nomination, some of these individuals at once became "Liberals."

There are so many of these self-styled Liberals, whose expenses—hotel, railway and a little "spending money" over—are provided in full by the Liberal Party's exchequer, and who became "Liberals" simply because no effective party would accept them, that this fact, if made known, would militate against their robbing *bona fide* candidates of either of the effective parties of good but wavering votes. That surely is a consideration in a General Election of so crucial and so fateful a kind as the one coming on, in which every wanton attempt to split *bona fide* votes by self-advertising interlopers—ninety per cent. of whom possess not the ghostliest chance of being elected—should be discountenanced at all fair and reasonable hazards.

It must be fairly obvious that if a man first tries to become a Conservative candidate, and is laughed out of the Central Conservative Office, and then unavailingly seeks the approving nod of Labour Headquarters, his "excogitated" decision to join the Liberal Party is something more serious than a joke. If local electors in the various constituencies were only informed by the official election directors of the two effective parties of the ridiculous and fantastic

pretences of some of these pseudo-Liberals, each of the effective parties would be the gainer by votes which might otherwise be lost to their candidates.

The candidature of many of these neo-Liberals is intimately associated with the lure of some hundred pounds a year, *in esse*, and the very fine chance, *in potentia*, of "crossing the floor," at some psychic hour in the sweet by and by.

I am, etc.,

"A CONSERVATIVE VOTER"

London, S.W.

### FREEDOM FIRST

SIR,—Many of our social, trade, and financial troubles are caused by excessive and ill-considered restrictions and State control. The increase in night and gambling clubs, and other similar evils, are significant of this, and the numberless laws and rules with which our Statute Book is encumbered creates a feeling of insecurity and uncertainty detrimental to nearly everything in our daily life. The Election provides a good opportunity to alter this. Party programmes should be scrutinized for proposals likely further to restrict liberty, such as Local Option, and candidates questioned on these matters. Many voters, amid the maze of laws, would vote for candidates pledged to support the principle of individual freedom.

I am, etc.,

Durban House,  
Seafield Road, Hove

R. G. FIFE

SIR,—Your Note on Mr. Baldwin's Drury Lane speech almost comes within the famous definition of "damning with faint praise."

The Prime Minister left a great deal unsaid, and his most notable omission was in regard to the insidious deprivation of personal liberty that has crept into our national life during the last few years. I agree with your correspondent Mr. Pace that it is most desirable that these matters should be rectified by the next Government, and no candidate should receive our support who will not pledge himself to vote against any further encroachments on our freedom and exert himself to prevent us becoming enslaved at the wheels of bureaucracy.

I am, etc.,

WILLIAM THOMAS

Sanctuary Buildings, S.W.1

### THE NEW WOMAN

SIR,—I suppose that if practice eventually proves it true, men will in time concede that moral and mental qualities have nothing whatever to do with sex. The ideal state such as Plato's is the only proper place where it would not be found impossible to put into practice equality of the sexes in education and careers. Has not a certain amount of workable equality always been conceded, and perhaps even more aimed at? Experience and common sense show that one sex cannot properly be expected to fulfil the functions of both. I did not gather that Dr. Booth complained that women wish to be regarded as human beings. Who can? No. The trouble is that some claim as their right the best of both the men's and women's worlds.

I am, etc.,

Wakefield

UNO

### 'AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY'

SIR,—Mr. Shanks's criticism of the edition of Sacco and Vanzetti's Letters by Mrs. Frankfurter and Mr. Gardner Jackson is refreshingly concrete. May I attempt a brief explanation of some of the points he raises?

1. The present English edition is apparently based on the first American edition. The second American edition published last December corrects all the inaccuracies to which Mr. Shanks rightly takes exception.

2. Sacco began to write English in the summer of 1922. His letter of November 30, 1921, was dictated to his wife.

3. Mr. Shanks is right in his suspicion that Van zetti's "statement" was not made by him to Judge Thayer at the proceedings upon motion for imposition of sentence, held on April 9, 1927. I was myself present in court on that occasion and my recollection is confirmed by the shorthand transcript. The words quoted form part of a statement made by Vanzetti on the same day to the reporter for the North American Newspaper Alliance and were printed in the *New York World*.

I am, etc.,

SYLVESTER GATES

2 Cloisters,  
Temple, E.C.4

#### VERGIL

SIR,—I should be glad if you would allow me in a few lines, while thanking Mr. Shanks for his sympathetic notice of my Harvard Lectures on the Vergilian Age, to answer his complaint that I have expressed my view of Vergil's attitude "darkly and tentatively" and "nowhere very clearly."

The only one of the nine chapters in the book which Mr. Shanks would seem to have read is the shortest, namely the fifth. Had he been able to consider the lectures on the 'Philosophy of Vergil' and 'The Architecture of the Epic' he would have found a fuller discussion of Vergil's teaching in general—so full, indeed, that it was on these chapters that I anticipated the most doubt from critics who might resent new doctrine about great poetry with which they were familiar.

But on the Dido question, it seems a little hard to be reproached for not having repeated in this book the exposition of what is implied in Vergil's narrative which I had given in Chapter VII of my 'Great Inheritance' (published in 1920 and referred to in a footnote on p. 67 of the essay with which Mr. Shanks was dealing). There I did my best to make it clear that Vergil found the real ending of the story in the curse of the Punic Wars, which brought destruction on Carthage and over twenty years of misery upon all Italy, never forgotten by the Romans; and that the guilt of the tragedy was laid by Vergil upon the rival political schemes of Juno and Venus, both reckless of what became of the man and woman who were pawns in their unscrupulous game. Vergil was not wont to put his thought into dogmatic precepts; yet his perception of the fundamental truths of human life was deeper than that of any other man of his age, perhaps of any age. The tragedy of Dido is a presentment, in the most perfect form which an artist of supreme imagination could give it, of the fact that political and dominative ambitions, inhumanly pursued, find their natural end in such tragedies as the Punic Wars.

On the smaller matters of spelling and pronunciation, I hope Mr. Shanks will forgive me for regretting that he seems to prefer the darkness of mid-Victorian scholarship to the certainties that have been attained by the research of the last half century.

I am, etc.,

R. S. CONWAY

Draethen,  
Didsbury, Manchester

SIR,—Those who, when writing Latin, write Vergilius, Horatius, Livius, Pompeius, but, when writing English, adhere to the time-honoured Virgil, Horace, Livy, Pompey, may plead that the innovators themselves do not write Horate, Livi, Pompei; nor, while limiting their attention to one unfortunate

poet, do they apparently pronounce their Vergil, Vairghil, so going less than half way in their quest for correctness, and giving us something which is neither Latin nor (old-established) English.

I am, etc.,

1 Claremont, Belgrave Road,  
Ventnor, I.W.

A. S. WAY

#### 'HILAIRE BELLOC KEEPS THE BRIDGE'

SIR,—In your brief but very fair notice (April 13) of my little book entitled as above, you said that "the trouble about Mr. Hilaire Belloc and his critic, Mr. Poynter, is that they fail to produce a single point of contact."

It is not usual for authors to reply to reviews, and this letter is not an attempt to do so. In fact, I think your criticism is quite proper. Judging from my little book, there do not seem any points of contact. As that book conveys this impression, I will take care (if ever a second edition is required) to correct it; for, in fact, I feel many points of contact with Mr. Belloc. I do not regard the venerable Roman Church as merely the enemy of progress and enlightenment. What I regard as such is the *Ultramontane dominance* therein; but of course that dominance now reigns supreme over the Roman Catholic Church. All the same, it is not *all there is* in that Church; and I respect and appreciate to the utmost the treasures of holiness, learning, and beauty which are found so richly therein. Unfortunately, Mr. Belloc seems to be a champion of the extremest Ultramontanism; and my little book was concerned with the propaganda of that spirit. I do not think Mr. Belloc is serving the best interests of his church by championing that spirit; nor do I think Roman Catholics are wise in taking his propaganda of it so trustingly as they do. Yet I have before me a catalogue of one of his publishers (Messrs. Sheed and Ward), in which I read as follows: "Mr. Belloc has become for us a sort of General Council and, let it be said, we do not hold Article XXI of the Established Church that 'General Councils may err and sometimes have erred.'"

When this spirit is encouraged among Roman Catholics, I think one does good service by suggesting that it does not serve the highest interests of that great Church.

I am, etc.,

Highbury, N.5

J. W. POYNTER

#### BOYS' CLUBS

SIR,—Fortified with the cheque for £1,000 which we have just received from the Prince of Wales, may we take advantage of the sympathy and interest you have shown in our cause to bring it afresh before your readers? Our excuse, if excuse be needed, must be that we still lack £40,000 of the £50,000 we need in order to put our movement on a sound and permanent basis.

The National Association of Boys' Clubs was formed in 1925. Within a year of its formation there were 297 clubs under its auspices. At the end of the second year the number had grown to 493. In March, 1928, it was 765. These facts speak for themselves.

Up to the present the expenses of the Association have been borne mainly by a few public-spirited individuals. Obviously this cannot go on for ever. As becomes a national institution, with national influence, the Association must have national support. Donations should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, National Association of Boys' Clubs, 27 Bedford Square, London, W.C. They will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged.

We are, etc.,

LIONEL F. ELLIS

RONALD CAMPBELL

Honorary Secretaries

27 Bedford Square, W.C.1

## THE THEATRE

### MIXED COMPANY

By IVOR BROWN

*Rasputin.* By Alexei N. Tolstoy and P. E. Shchegoleff. English Version by Clifford Bax. Stage Society.

*These Few Ashes.* By Leonard Ide. Duke of York's Theatre.  
*Baa, Baa, Blacksheep.* By Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse. New Theatre.

**M**R. CLIFFORD BAX should have tidied up the Russian diffuseness of the *Rasputin* chronicle play when he decided to translate it. Being history, recent, remarkable, and tragic, it can only fail to be interesting if the authors insist. On this occasion they have very nearly succeeded in spoiling a good opportunity, but not quite. This play suffers from loose ends and would be the better for stricter economy of characters, but the enormity of *Rasputin*, the greasy pietist, the lecherous intriguer, and hairy ape of backstairs politics, is a subject that must excite. Moreover, there are topical and particular appeals to the English attention. Here are Tsar and Tsarina (Papuschka and Mamushka in Court jargon) and here is the Court to which British policy was bound by pre-war diplomacy. What a spectacle of the petty stalking in the Seven-league boots of Authority! If the Union of Democratic Control (or its heirs and assigns) has any money to burn, it might cunningly subsidize performances of this play.

All is quiet on the Eastern front. Brussiloff, it is true, has taken a million prisoners and lost a million lives. But the Tsar has plenty of cigarettes and is thinking out a new game of patience. The Tsarina is fawning on her peasant-priest who gives her the blessing of God and his cheeks to kiss. What's in a name? In this case everything. New Tsar is but old Cæsar writ small and puny; we are back in the world of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero, a world where the throne was shored up on the doctrine of "maiestas" enforced by the army of "delators." *Rasputin* is the Russian parallel of the Roman freedman who climbed the backstairs of demented dictators in order to run the Empire. *Rasputin*, indeed, compares ill with the curious Civil Servants of the Roman Emperors; like them he was astute, but he was also a grotesque bully. The ogre from the parish church, chambering, carousing, and wantoning, and yet compelling the adoration of the noble ladies from the Tsarina downwards, is an amazing figure, such stuff as films are made on, and obviously a target for the marksmanship of a great actor. Mr. Robert Atkins probably undertook too much when he agreed both to play the part and to produce the play. But it was a gallant effort to face the double challenge under the extremely difficult conditions of an occasional performance.

Here and there the production lacked pace and grip. Mr. Atkins could hardly communicate the full quality of the many-sided monster that was *Rasputin*. To plaster one's hair with one's spittle and yet to be the darling of the drawing-room, to be a whoring oaf and the privy councillor of an Empress, to unite in one person the bestiality of Caliban and the fascination of Ferdinand, to be making war-cabinets and bedroom assignations with alternate telephone calls, to be praying and swearing and swilling vodka as to all manners born—what actor could achieve all this in a scratch performance on a Sunday night? Mr. Atkins did at least well enough to make us realize that a great *Rasputin* play has yet to be written and that it will need the powers of an Irving when it comes. Miss Martita

Hunt, an actress incapable of being dull, careless or clumsy, gave her usual edge and finish to a portrait of the Tsarina, and Miss Dorothy Black, who for some reason dressed as though the war in progress were that against Japan, also did well.

Mr. Ide's comedy at the Duke of York's is the tale of a fool and of his feminine entanglements. Mr. Owen Nares may be right in the part as the author conceived it, but in that case I think the author conceived it unwisely. Mr. Nares is a player of discretion; he deserves something with matter in it, and here his part is as empty as a cloudless sky. He impersonates a public-school Englishman who lives in a flat surrounded by a Japanese manservant of guile, the snowy mountains of Switzerland, and pretty ladies of all nations. Ski and she both entrance him. On the former he may go swift and safe: by the latter he is tripped and entangled. The trouble about Mr. Nares's part is that the fellow is just negatively nice; he should, for comedy's sake, be something positive, a scamp or a noodle on some large and laughable scale. The Russian Countess should have her Mr. Preedy; the French lady needs a Hawtrey in distress. Mr. Nares goes through his embarrassments in a mannerly way, but his part is really "a feed" for the winter-sport vampires and other cards from the comic pack of whom Miss Athene Seyler, Mr. George Carr, Mr. Alfred Wellesley, and Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith provide the best entertainment.

Absolute exemption from "uplift" is guaranteed to all who make the Hay-Wodehouse duo their dramatic caterers. There are no half-measures about their downright cultivation of "down-push." A sporting gent disguised in parson's pants, a lively lady in the vicar's trousers, escapades that rush by motor bicycle from river-side night-clubs to the tiles of the rectory, an undertaker with twins, a Chelsea poet with an Angevin air and the Christian name of Osbert, as steady a flow of verbal flippancy as the Hay-Wodehouse hosepipe can eject over the Vicarage lawn—here, indeed, is value for money. Mr. Hay has produced the play himself and done it remarkably well; I surmise that Mr. Henry Kendall, who plays the chief part with an almost Hensonian invention of antic drollery, has devised some of the mad dance which he leads. At any rate it is all acted as written; that is to say, in the cheerio, chin-chin, tinkety-tonk manner. The scene is all sunshine, and the dialogue goes off like the popping of corks.

I moved on to this piece after my afternoon with *Russia*, *Rasputin*, and the Stage Society. We critics have some queer days of it. In plays of this sort sloth is a major sin. Mr. Hay's company are as active as monkeys and hoist themselves on to rectory roofs and into other people's pants with the utmost agility. Mr. Kendall is throughout the broth of a boy and Miss Clarice Hardwicke a peach of a girl. What better incumbent of a rectory than the blithe, bald-pated Mr. Aubrey Mather, what morose baronial tyrant more likely to kill joy for our delight than Mr. Clive Currie, who brings to Debrett the sly and sniffing essence of a lay preacher in the grocery trade? Miss Sterling's scenery is aptly gay; incidentally she appears to be the first scene-painter who has ever seen an actual book in a real bookcase. Usually in the set politely called "the library" literature is represented by a portentous collection of pale-green ledgers, relieved only by a series of thirty-eight volumes in dark red. The fun in this play is the old drollery of dressing up; in short, it is as old as the hills. But the dialogue and the scenery have given the Home County hummocks a welcome wash and brush-up. Never were woods so fresh, pastures so new, or Hay-time so bracing; the box-office, I fancy, will carry the harvest home.

## MUSIC

## OFFENBACH IN SUBURBIA

*La Vie Parisienne*. Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

OFFENBACH'S is one of those names, familiar to everyone, whose mention produces a general and distinctive flavour, although we have no real acquaintance with the man's individual works. The flavour is of something garishly bright and witty, of music all top and bottom, all tinkle and thump, and of a setting in the style of the decorations of the old Café Royal. Unless they have memories capable of a long backward journey, or unless they seek diversion in Paris or Berlin, where 'La Belle Hélène' and some of her fellows still hold the stage, Englishmen of to-day know nothing of Offenbach's except 'Les Contes d'Hoffmann,' which, being an attempt at something in a more serious vein, is not really characteristic of the flavour above defined. There was, indeed, a production at His Majesty's Theatre a few years before the war called 'Orpheus in the Underground,' but my recollection of that is that one could hardly see the Offenbach for the Tree.

Offenbach was not his name, but the name of the town in Germany where Jacques Levy was born. Herein lies part of his secret. He had that extraordinary vitality and gift of showmanship which has brought success to so many members of the Jewish race. He did not take his education at the Paris Conservatoire seriously, but learnt his craft in the practical school of the Opéra-Comique. Determined to become a popular figure, he used every means to attract attention to himself, and, having established his position, he worked hard to maintain it. He produced no fewer than ninety stage-works between the years 1855-1880.

It was inevitable that a composer who had enjoyed such an enormous vogue should "come back" at this time, when the period he represents has become fashionable. And it was natural that it should be Sir Nigel Playfair, that expert restorer of dramatic antiques, who should stage the return. He has taken one of those ninety works, torn up the libretto, presented the central situation to Mr. A. P. Herbert and the music (with liberty to range elsewhere) to Mr. Davies Adams, and has produced the opera—renovated and redecorated throughout, and under *entirely* new management (none of your naughty French cookery!)—according to the well-known Hammersmith formula. It was the only thing Sir Nigel Playfair could do.

At this time of day it would have been folly to retain the original libretto with its outworn conventions, and it would be impossible at any time to translate the jokes. The only thing was for Mr. Herbert to substitute new situations and fresh jokes of his own. He has been most ingenious in his embroidery of a simple theme, and his invention of incident never fails him throughout the three acts, during which parental authority over a Victorian maiden is undermined by her lover during a visit to Paris. Here let us pause to congratulate Mr. Herbert on his self-control in refraining from making any of his characters refer to that city as "gay Paree" or even "la veel loomiaire." He has not always been so successful in avoiding the commonplace and some of his wit has more *Punch* than punch. It is, perhaps, a little ungracious, in the face of the many good things in the libretto, to complain that Mr. Herbert's cleverness is a thought too self-conscious and that his laughter at our grandparents, who are never allowed to forget that they are typical Victorians, is too patronizing to chime perfectly with the very spontaneous sparkle and cosmopolitan wit of Offenbach's music. That is only to say that Mr. Herbert has given to the piece a twist, bringing it into relation with an

English tradition of humour which is always widely and deservedly popular.

So we come back to the real core of any entertainment of this kind—the music. Here again Sir Nigel Playfair has done the right thing. Offenbach was in too great a hurry to get one work finished and another started to waste time upon the subtleties of orchestration—though he could score delightfully when he chose—and any conventional filling-in served well enough to support his melodies in the ears of his audience. What to him was a future reputation compared with a present success and quick returns? It was essential that, for a modern audience, with experience of the elaborate effects in which even composers of musical comedy indulge, something should be done to touch up the bare places. Very tastefully, if a little monotonously, Mr. Adams has accomplished his task, and without silencing altogether the tinkle and clatter which belong to Offenbach's characteristic tone of voice.

The melodies, taken mainly from 'La Vie Parisienne' with occasional raids upon other works, are presumably intact, as Mr. Herbert says of the young lady in the piece. Here we get down, through all the editings and decorations, to the real Offenbach. His head must have bubbled with good tunes. Whether it is a polka, a sentimental air, a march or a patter-song, he invariably produces a phrase which is distinctive and arresting. It is not often, however, that he sustains the quality of his opening to the end, rounding the whole off in a complete and satisfying development of his initial idea. With few exceptions his tunes go admirably for two or three lines, then lose their sense of direction and wander off nowhere. In short, he did not add to his naturally fertile talent the pains, or, perhaps, the technical equipment necessary to turn it into genius of its kind. It was so much less trouble to start another tune and let it evaporate before a third, than to set to and work the first out to a worthy conclusion.

Here is the point of the brief historical note with which this article begins. Whether it was that his facility made him complacent in the face of popular success, or that his neglect of serious musical study made it impossible for him to accomplish that most difficult feat of composition—the completion of a perfect melody—there is a striking similarity in this respect between Offenbach and another cosmopolitan Jewish composer, Meyerbeer. Meyerbeer was likewise conspicuous for his ability to start a good tune and his inability to finish it. This may seem a strange comparison to those who are accustomed to regard Offenbach as a sort of French Sullivan. Sullivan, indeed, serves better than anyone to illustrate my point. With less readiness of wit and less fertility of invention, he had the ability to work the metal from his mine of inspiration and to give it shape. A melody by Sullivan at his best is a work of art; most of Offenbach's are no more than the material out of which one might have been created.

H.

## BROADCASTING

MISS ROYDE-SMITH and Mr. Compton Mackenzie provided some amusing moments on Friday, but it cannot be denied that there have been better broadcast discussions than theirs. The subject, 'That the Broadcast Play is not a satisfactory form of Art,' is an interesting one, though the actual terms of reference weakened the force of the argument. It would have been better to discuss the broadcasting of plays written for the stage, and to leave to a later date the question of the Broadcast Play. I think it is right to take that to mean a play

written for broadcasting. With an eye to a probable future, this differentiation is worth making. As soon as it has been found out where a play written for the microphone differs from one written for the stage there will be more reason in talking about the Broadcast Play. At present few people could say what laws are to govern this special form of the drama. But there can be no doubt that it will have its own laws, and until research and experiment have discovered what those are, the subject is not ready for discussion in relation to any "form of Art."

Miss Royde-Smith set the running, and Mr. Mackenzie could do little more than follow her trail, though I wish he had thrown the whole argument overboard, seeing what a poor show his opponent made of it, and given us his sprightly ideas unfettered by any need to stand to a definite challenge. As it was he continually went off on side-tracks which led him into some delightful and humorous situations, and as continually was forced to jerk himself and us back to the matter of the discussion. One good point Miss Royde-Smith made: that it is difficult to distinguish characters by the voice alone. And this called forth Mr. Mackenzie's only piece of constructive analysis: plays must be so written that each character is provided with a rhythm in which to speak, one subtly unlike that of the other characters. That is a really useful hint for the writer of Broadcast Plays, almost the only one to be gathered from this discussion.

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The surprise item was good. Mr. Ogden's gramophone records, which he makes play backwards, are a great find. Whatever their scientific interest, they are very funny to listen to. The operatic tenor's laugh in 'Pagliacci' is "a fair scream" the wrong way on. Lotte Lehmann in 'Figaro' hardly comes off at all back-to-front. But the best was at the end when M. Cortot was persuaded to play a Chopin Prelude from end to beginning. That was weird and terrible. John Barrymore in 'Hamlet' was still the human voice, albeit a gibbering one. But the sustaining quality of the piano instead of starting with a percussive impact and fading into the distance, seemed to start on the confines of sound and come to the ear with a wheeze which ended in a snarl. It was like a harmonium gone rabidly wrong.

\*

The introductory talk on the first night of the opera season was a happy one. Mr. Basil Maine managed to get a lot into fifteen minutes, and his last sentences, descriptive of the audience waiting for 'Rosenkavalier' to begin, were infectiously exciting. The talk might have been a little longer, thus obviating any gap before the first notes from Covent Garden. As it was, the anticipation aroused by Mr. Maine had time to cool off.

\*

The best thing about the St. George's Day programme was that its patriotism was pleasantly pastoral and its general tone free from extravagance. I wonder what a foreign listener will have made of this dialogue between Shakespeare and Izaak Walton, against a background of Butterworth's 'Shropshire Lad' and Dr. Vaughan-Williams's Pastoral Symphony. The music brought the English countryside back to me. What ideas will it have aroused in him? The words, I thought, were mildly amusing. They were surely spoken in too affected a manner, more reminiscent of a drawing-room than an open field.

CONDOR

¶ Readers who have difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, who will be pleased to give the matter his attention.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—165

SET BY CLENNELL WILKINSON

A. Pursuing our researches into the habits of pirates (see the SATURDAY REVIEW for January 19, 1929) we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay of not more than 200 words on the subject of *The Jolly Roger*, discussing the artistic and practical merits of this famous flag, and the evidence for its existence.

B. Cardiff Town Council, acting "in the interests of morality and high ideals," have disallowed the sale of claret cup (or any other alcoholic drink) at dances, on the ground that drinking and dancing should never go together. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best four-line epigram on this incident.

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 165A, or LITERARY 165B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, May 6. The results will be announced in the issue of May 11.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS—163

SET BY J. B. MORTON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for versions, in not more than a hundred and fifty words each, of the following rhyme as it would have been written by (1) Jane Austen, and (2) Macaulay:

Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet  
Eating her curds and whey;  
There came a big spider  
And sat down beside her  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a four-line epigram on four-line epigrams.

### REPORT FROM MR. MORTON

163A. Competitors in general brought a certain ingenuity to their task. Some concentrated on the Macaulay manner, and missed the great swinging rhythms that made his style so arresting; others caught his music, but could not sustain it. Some invented a Jane Austen scene, but spoilt it by a too modern note; others failed to reproduce her quiet humour.

The closing paragraphs of Majolica's Macaulay are a good instance of plucky failure, while O. H. T. Dudley's treatment of Jane Austen is completely successful. Nearly everybody resisted the temptation

to parody either writer to the point of buffoonery. A. J. Pennan's Macaulay and H. C. M.'s Jane Austen deserve mention. E. M. Y. was good in both, and is highly commended.

For first prize I recommend O. H. T. Dudley, and for second prize Doris Elles (in spite of the use of the word "gesture" twice within a few lines).

## FIRST PRIZE

### (1) JANE AUSTEN

Little Charlotte having been lately subject to a persistent melancholy Mr. Muffet would have it that a visit to the apothecary should be paid forthwith. The curricule was accordingly ordered, despite the protestations of Mrs. Muffet that the resources of her medicine-closet had not yet been fully exhausted.

The apothecary prescribed nothing more distasteful than a forenoon diet of curds and whey. On this Charlotte thrived; but one day while seated, dish on knee, upon a tussock in the shrubbery (for such was Mr. Muffet's engaging notion) she was horrified to observe a large spider seated in her immediate neighbourhood.

A few short weeks ago she would have swooned in such a situation; but the diet had so fortified her organs that she uttered a piercing shriek, and (in her agitation forgetting her pelisse) fled to the parlour, where Mrs. Muffet soon restored her with a draught of elderberry cordial.

### (2) MACAULAY

There lived in this village a family of Muffets whose tarnished fortunes ill reflected the blazoned splendours of Roger de Mouffet, Sieur d'Araignée, their distant founder.

Of their little daughter the village greybeards still relate the tale of how one morning she took her porringer of curds and whey to the solitude of a wood peopled only by her childish fancies. There, seated on a low mound, she had scarcely begun her humble repast when her gaze fell upon a moving object at her feet. Her worst fears were realized: it was one of that venomous race of insectivores whose maleficence has invested the name of rock-built Taranto with a sinister significance.

Spellbound she watched the creature approach and take its place by her side. It was enough; the menace was manifest; the untutored child screamed and fled; and the meal was left unconsumed.

O. H. T. DUDLEY

## SECOND PRIZE

### (1) JANE AUSTEN

"Pray do not contradict your Mother, girls. I vow it was Miss Mowfatt."

"But Captain Fitzgibbon himself told us it was little Miss Muffet. Did not he, Lydia?"

"Yes, Mamma. She sat upon a bank eating of all things curds and whey—"

"Then I vow it was not Miss Mowfatt. Her mamma would never allow her to walk out unattended; and eating too; highly improper. Depend upon it, my loves, that is not the way to get a husband."

"Indeed, they say she may, Mamma. For she was presently put in an uproar by a great spider that actually seated itself by her side. It was her immediate flight that so precipitated her upon Captain Fullerton's arm."

"La, my dear, is that how it was? And with her pale complexion too. Now you may walk in the park, girls, and do not forget the cattle strays upon the south side."

### (2) MACAULAY

Miss Muffet sat upon a grassy knoll steadily consuming curds and whey. In figure she was small; in demeanour not distinguished by any gesture of intellect or breeding.

A spider suddenly advanced along the grove. In truth one of the staunchest of his kind. He commanded a large and

well-constructed web and in that high place so bore himself that many had respected him but none had had time to hate him.

His lofty eye surveyed Miss Muffet gravely; with a gesture of habitual self-possession he sat down beside her. She saw him come with horror. For ourselves we own we do not understand her prejudice. We do not believe he belonged to any of the classes that she feared. He was not a free-thinker. He was not a Presbyterian. But truth it is that, quite distracted by wild and formless apprehensions, she fled away in the utmost dread and terror.

DORIS ELLES

163B. Out of a large number of entries, very few were thoroughly bad, and not a single one first-rate. There were amusing entries from N. B. and Lester Ralph. W. K. Scudamore's second attempt and James Hall's third were neat; as were the two sent in by the Dean of Glasgow. In a higher class were the epigrams of Hilary, Mariamne, Alice Herbert and L. B. Mariamne's was the most jaunty, easy and confident, and to her I award the first prize. To Hilary (name and address, please), for an entry of a very different type, I award the second prize. Alice Herbert and L. B. are honourably mentioned.

## FIRST PRIZE

Brevity's the soul of wit.  
True: but here's the worst of it,  
Brevity, upon the whole,  
Proves a disembodied soul.

MARIAMNE

## SECOND PRIZE

O Attic shape, frail amphora, whose scent  
Of vanished wine is old as fabled Troy,  
Now in the world's old age thy breath has lent  
Immortal life to human grief and joy.

HILARY

## NOON

By PETER ST. JOHN

SUN in the deep water,  
Sun in the deep sky,  
Nuns sing by the altar,  
She had to die.  
Bury her deep,  
Let her sleep  
And quietly lie;  
The Christ-like boy swings the censer,  
The Christ-like boy rings the bell;  
Who wooed her, betrayed her, who killed her?  
The Christ-like boy kneels,—he could tell.

Flowers on her whiteness,  
Flowers in her hair,  
She shed a holy brightness,  
So virginal, so fair.  
Bury her deep  
Let her sleep  
Free from care.  
A dagger is hid 'neath his girdle,  
There is blood on his soft sandled feet,  
Four nuns brought her home on a hurdle,  
The Christ-like boy prays,—he was fleet.

Jewels 'neath her eyelids,  
Jewels on her hands,  
Crushed flowers by the rapids,  
Blood upon the sands.  
Bury her deep  
Let her sleep  
She understands.  
The Christ-like boy leads the cortège,  
He carries the Book and the bell,  
But his soul to the devil is mortgaged,  
For he trips! the dagger! he's in hell.

## BACK NUMBERS—CXXII

IT was the first principle of the Victorian humorist that his fun should be always at the expense of the unpopular side; it has remained the first principle of at least one considerable school of later comic writers. But laughter, as I believe, was intended to be the consolation of minorities, and of those who, though not outnumbered, are at some disadvantage. (I mean, obviously, laughter which is punitive, not that in which all may share.) Thinking otherwise, the popular writer of one of the most successful of farces transported his moderns into the medieval world to make game of it, not of them, never so much as suspecting the possibility that the boot might be on the other leg, that the modern might be shown as asses in that setting. Analogous things have been done innumerable times in stage farce and literary farce; it was inevitable that a Victorian treating of the transportation of an adult into schoolboy life should obey the established principle.

\* \* \*

But in fact it is rather difficult to find any grown man who, made to masquerade among boys, would not shine by contrast. Great claims may be made for boys as individuals, with a certain plausibility, but to little purpose, since the most of them are fully alive only in the herd-life, and in that they are not quite the kind of creatures to make the mature blush for themselves. Thackeray wasted himself in writing of adult snobs: had he studied the male young of the human species in its communal life, he would have found far more snobbery, and of a less intelligent sort. As for conventionality, the most slavish adult adorer of convention never got within measurable distance of the average young schoolboy's conduct; and the fiercest and stupidest ostracism decreed by Mrs. Grundy never matched the cold-shouldering which the average group of schoolboys will inflict on any fellow who ventures to have a code, an idea, a taste of his own. And as for decency, dignity, grace, the right sort of mischief, any casually taken litter of puppies could give points to the fourth form.

\* \* \*

These things being so, despite the sentimentalists, Anstey took the wrong turning in 'Vice Versa.' His Mr. Bultitude, the father, was an objectionable enough person, but even he should have seemed a sort of happy warrior when set among the inmates of that deplorable academy. The more so because that institution answers to nothing of which the upper or middle class Englishman has knowledge, and except in specious gentility is far below the level of a Board school. But that is not the spirit in which Victorian humorists wrote, or write in the chief refuge of their successors. We must not quarrel with their premises; we must accept their joking on their own terms, unless we decide to reject it wholly; and I, for one, am not prepared to reject Anstey's 'Vice Versa,' or any of his works.

\* \* \*

What has pleased me most in reperusing a book I have not read since I was an animal of fourteen or less is the literary touch in stuff that, for all its destined consumers cared, need not have had any. Many of the quotations prefixed to the chapters are admirable. There is a pleasantly sardonic application of Lord Campbell's letter of 1835, "In England where boys go to boarding schools, if the holidays

were not long there would be no opportunity for cultivating the domestic affections." There is the adroit use of the Shakespearian, "I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head." There is the consummate employment of Carlyle's, "Accelerated by ignominious shovings—nay, as it is written, by smittings, twitchings, spurnings à posteriori not to be named."

\* \* \*

By such things, and there are many as good, we know that the author is of the elect, for all his condescension to the conventional point of view. Not by these things alone; for there are touches in the narrative itself impossible to be achieved by anyone who was not an artist. Also, when one yields to him, as one must, there are great gusts of laughter. But this famous book is not the measure of the man who wrote it. It was the same man who wrote the diabolically clever condensed versions of Ibsen, from the wrong point of view, certainly, for the laugh should have been against those who could not see that this very modern, very circumstantial, often seemingly parochial irony was essentially the irony of Sophocles, and that the whiskered Scandinavian, looking quite absurdly like that other great man, Frédéric, of the Tour d'Argent, inventor of *caneton à la presse*, as Ibsen of the less digestible 'Wild Duck,' was one of the acutest, most dispassionate observers that the human tragi-comedy has ever had.

\* \* \*

All the same, the potted Ibsen plays were written by a man with a critical intelligence, and so were the 'Voces Populi.' Disguised, sometimes positively gagged, there was in the late Victorian writer for a mid-Victorian paper a voice that was not the voice of the populace. Given other conditions, he might have "spoken out." He did not; but there were certain mocking inflections of the voice, certain pauses, for the intelligent. A man of letters who knew Whistler, and who was a good judge of conversation, once told me that some of the finest effects of Whistler's talk came from his trick of adding "so on and so forth" to the ineptitudes he invented for speeches by his enemies. There can be no question of comparing Whistler and Anstey, but undoubtedly there is a suggestion of "so on and so forth," of the inexhaustibility of human folly, in the finest work of Anstey when he has tapped the artesian spring of imbecility.

\* \* \*

It is just there, and not in the mood of his contemporaries, that I salute this writer. At his very best, and that was late in his literary career, he did slyly open a window on the infinite, did show us the British citizen pinnacled, in an other than the poet's sense, in the intense inane but contemplating other heights in other lives and even in this. To hint the inexhaustibility of idiocy and solemn nonsense, that was his mission, perhaps his unconscious mission. His fools were looking about like Alexander for new worlds to conquer; they had the passion for invading the great unexplored spaces of the world to subjugate them with commonplaces—they were out to make a platitude and call it peace. And, obeying all the little rules of the game as understood in his period, he could yet suggest that they would never cease from aspiration and effort, that stupidity would succeed stupidity, *ad infinitum*. He deserved another age. He deserved an ampler liberty alike in choice of subjects and in treatment of them.

STET.

## REVIEWS

### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF BYZANTIUM

By EDWARD SHANKS

*The Byzantine Achievement: an Historical Perspective*, A.D. 330-1453. By Robert Byron. Routledge. 15s.

GEORGE FINLAY was led towards the composition of his great work and so ultimately towards the rehabilitation of the Byzantine Empire by a desire to discover why his purchases of land in Greece had turned out badly. Mr. Robert Byron had intended to write a history of the Eastern Mediterranean between the years 1919 and 1923, and found himself driven back in the same way. But his original impulse was not by any means so sordid as Finlay's. He suggests that his Philhellenism, like that of his namesake, may be best compared to what happens when a man falls in love with a woman. He is moved to celebrate the beloved, and he considers that the Byzantine period is a very important and glorious part of the history of the Hellenic race.

This emotional state probably accounts for a great deal of the positively detestable over-writing which presents a grave obstacle to the reader at the opening of the book. I quote a few lines as a specimen of how not to introduce "an historical perspective":

As the sapphire and the aquamarine from the turquoise, so differ the waters of the Ægean from the flat blue of the Mediterranean whole. Sail from Italy or Egypt. And as the rose-tinted shores of islands and promontories rise incarnate from the sea, a door shuts the world behind. Earth's emotion diffuses a new essence. Who are we to cut the water and cleave the air with prow and funnel?

Those who sit at home with their anthologies, their Homers and Byrons, have long grown impatient of the hackneyed eulogy. Travellers, on the other hand, know that the poet has not lived who can hackney the Greek sea itself. How lies it apart? What magnet of our stifled love holds this blue, these tawny cliffs and always the mountains framing the distance?

I will not take to myself any particular credit for having pushed on past this formidable barrier, since I can read almost any book that has ever been written about Byzantium, except, perhaps, the novels of Jean Lombard and Frederic Harrison. For the benefit of others without this appetite it should be observed that Mr. Byron seems to have been perceptibly older when he wrote the last pages of this book than when he wrote the first. As he proceeds, he settles down to his work and begins to think more of his matter and his argument than of his purple patches, until he is capable, in his account of the fall of the City, of writing a fine, stirring and wholly unself-conscious passage of prose.

His argument is not, indeed, as novel as he appears to think it. He quotes as a sort of satirical motto that famous tirade by Lecky which begins, "Of that Byzantine Empire the universal verdict of history is that it constitutes, without a single exception, the most thoroughly base and despicable form that civilization has yet assumed." He also remarks that "even those familiar with the eternal dotage of our Universities will scarcely believe that at Oxford, until as late as 1924, Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' was still presented as a set book to candidates about to embark on two years' study, not of literature, but history." But surely, even at Oxford, even in the dark days of 1924, when (I suppose) Mr. Byron was an undergraduate there, Gibbon was not presented to students of history without some warning as to the falsifying bias of his later volumes. As long ago as 1889, Bury, afterwards Regius Professor of History at another doting University, dealt very firmly with Lecky and suggested drily that we had better give up talking about a "Byzantine Empire," since otherwise "we run the risk of pro-

voking universal verdicts of history." To put it more plainly, the legend of Byzantine decadence was doomed on the day when Finlay began to worry about his investments and has now been dead for a long time.

This does not mean, however, that Mr. Byron's work is superfluous. The historical essay, the attempt to isolate some significant epoch or organization and to sum up the meaning that it has for us, is a form of writing not so rare as it was, but still all too rare. And the significance of Byzantium, while now well known to historians, remains somewhat dim to that general educated public which takes an interest in history. Moreover, Mr. Byron has ideas of his own on the proper interpretation of the Byzantine achievement and these ideas are worthy of consideration even if one is unable to accept them in the mass.

Mr. Byron is nothing if not an enthusiast. No other state, he declares, has ever well combined over so long a period the three elements of a civilized existence, political stability, the life of the soul and the life of expression through art. Byzantium, that is to say, remains to this day the nearest approach the world has ever known to the perfect state.

On the point of political stability, he has much that is useful to say. The Emperors, beginning with Constantine, achieved an apportionment of the things that were Cæsar's and the things that were God's, which precisely suited the Greek temperament. The people felt the monarchy as representing them and it relieved them from the evils of that blind partisanship which has been the curse of their race since the beginning of history. The bureaucracy was well organized and functioned efficiently. As a matter of fact, there probably has never been a more foolish historical judgment than that which found in the Byzantine state only a record of weakness and vice. If we restrict its full course from the accession of Justinian, as marking the final transition from Old Rome to New Rome, to the beginning of the piratical and purely destructive episode of the Latin Empire, as marking the end of its material prosperity, we have a longer period of freedom from cataclysms and fundamental changes of structure than can be shown by any state in existence to-day. Mr. Byron does very good service indeed when he points out that "those periods of disturbed succession which are popularly supposed to have rendered Byzantine government no more than a farce, numbered exactly five, lasting respectively, eight, twenty-two, twenty-three, ten and nineteen years." (One of these comes outside the restricted space of time which I have suggested as being that during which a Byzantine state indisputably existed.)

On the religious side, Mr. Byron is more amusing and inspiring than entirely convincing. There is a note in his bibliography (the only note he gives there) which I find revealing. At the head of his list of books on the history of the Orthodox Church he remarks that: "Those wishing to study this subject and its particular aspects are warned against the numerous works of English Roman and Anglo-Catholics. Under cover of spurious erudition and pretended impartiality, they exhibit a feminine spite, which makes the reader realize, after perhaps hours of attention, that he has been wasting his time." There is at any rate no pretended impartiality about Mr. Byron: he is for the East as against the West and he makes no secret of it. It must, I suppose, be rather fun to take up an attitude which enables one to treat the Church of Rome as a vulgar parvenu: Mr. Byron reaches his height in this direction when he says of St. Sophia and St. Peter's that "one is a church to God; the other is a salon for his agents." But I am inclined to think that, exhilarating as it may be, it is as dangerous a fault in an historian as Gibbon's refusal to take a Christian state seriously.

For Byzantine art, as well as for the richness and "joyousness" of life in the city during its long protracted great days and for the absolute value of the elaborate ritual which was the career of the Emperor, Mr. Byron argues acutely, illuminatingly and persuasively. And yet, at the end of an argument by which I am, if anything, only too ready to be convinced, I am left with a feeling that there is something wanting, that Byzantium, with all its heroic deeds, all its wealth and "joyous life," remains as it were a curiosity among the achievements of mankind.

Its great function, as now we see it from the purely selfish point of view, was to act as a bulwark against the forces of the east until they should have spent themselves and until Western Europe was ready to take up its work. But we may be assured that the Byzantines did not themselves regard this as their object in life. What then was that object, unconsciously taken for granted and coming out in every trait of their polity? It was nothing more than the preservation of the existing order. Constantine chose the site of his city because it would be difficult for an enemy to get at, and again and again the Empire survived only because the city could not be taken. In the tenth century we find Constantine Porphyrogenitus compiling for the benefit of his son a handbook of government which consists almost entirely of information on the dangers to be expected from the surrounding peoples and the best ways of countering them. In particular the Emperor warns his prospective successor that the barbarians will ask for imperial robes and crowns, for the secret of the Greek fire and for brides from the imperial family, and that they must always be refused on the ground that Constantine the Great expressly forbade the granting of such requests.

Byzantium was, if the expression may be used, a "museum-state," and the mainspring of all its institutions was the determination to keep itself intact. To this determination we may attribute much of that smooth working of the monarchy and bureaucracy which Mr. Byron rightly finds so admirable. Its success for so many centuries makes it a most interesting study in statecraft and state-formation but also makes it seem a little lifeless and uninspiring beside other more adventurous polities.

## POLITICS AS SCIENCE AND AS ART

*Rating Relief.* By a Group of Conservative M.P.s. Allan. 3s. 6d.

*Relief for the Ratepayer.* By Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P. Benn. 1s. 6d.

*A New Voter's Guide to Party Programmes.* By Winifred Holtby. Kegan Paul. 1s.

*Why Should I Vote?* By Amabel Williams-Ellis and L. A. Plummer. Howe. 2s. 6d.

THE two Measures which have called forth these four little books would be enough in themselves to establish the present Government's claim to be remembered in history. They may even come to stand for a turning point in our political development; and some Professor of the year 2000 will perhaps be found explaining how with the extension of democracy to its numerical maximum the art and the science of Government became definitely separated. For although politics in the sense of electioneering have always rested more on the emotional than the rational appeal, it is the technicalizing of legislation which, by multiplying particular issues of significance mainly to administrators and specialists, has removed the possibility of informed judgment on an ever-

widening category of problems by a more and more generalized electorate. The character of party leaders and the confidence inspired by their professed intentions would therefore seem likely to determine more votes than the arguments for and against any specific method of action. The volumes under consideration provide some evidence in favour of this theory.

Local Government Reform is one of those subjects the details of which are important enough to arouse keen and sustained controversy but which provides no broad issue upon which the man in the street feels impelled to take sides. It is not, therefore, likely that more than a small fraction of the electorate will have the inclination, even if they could find the time, to read these two excellent expositions of the Government's recent activities in this field; and this fraction will mostly consist of people who are actively engaged in attacking or defending the Government and who will pass on their impressions coloured by partisanship. Both of these expositions are admittedly written from the Government's point of view. The nine Conservative M.P.s who have produced 'Rating Relief' have done their work well and have provided all who take something more than a purely superficial interest in the subject with a succinct history of the problems which it is intended to solve and an account of all the more important provisions of the new scheme. There are chapters on the special features of reorganization in Scotland and in London.

Sir Kingsley Wood, in 'Relief for the Ratepayer,' covers much the same ground in a more general way. His first aim, which he achieves most successfully, is to be readable, and his pages are to be recommended to everyone who wants to get a broad idea of what has been in the Government's mind. They run with the ease of a finished film and will be equally appreciated by the audience which is only concerned with the result and by those who know something of the task involved in its preparation in the Ministerial and Parliamentary studio. The author is represented on the cover with Mr. Neville Chamberlain as Joshua and Caleb bearing the fruits of the Promised Land. The Appendix contains tables from which the reader can calculate how much he may be refreshed thereby.

But if the Local Government Reform Measures are an unusually extreme example of technical legislation, so much so that Parliament itself has been charged with abdicating in favour of the permanent officials, cannot the same be said in a less degree of the majority of questions before the country at any given moment? Miss Holtby, in 'A New Voter's Guide to Party Programmes,' conveys the bewilderment of the inexperienced elector on being confronted with the claims and achievements of the various parties. In an amusing series of dialogues between "Juvenis" and three canvassers reinforced at the end by a Feminist, a Farmer, a Fascist, a Communist and an Open Conspirator, there is retailed a mass of information presented from very different points of view. The Conservative, Liberal and Socialist Canvassers usually speak in the words of their official propaganda publications (it will be a lesson to the authors of this kind of literature to see the peculiar effect this produces) and "Juvenis" is left at the end, perhaps wiser, but just as undecided as at the start. There is more than a touch of satire about this entertaining production and it is distributed with an impartial hand.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis and Mr. L. A. Plummer have more definite objects in view in 'Why Should I Vote?' The first is to awaken in newly enfranchised citizens a sense of their responsibilities, which is excellent. The second is to persuade them to vote Labour, which a Conservative reviewer must be excused from applauding. It would nevertheless

be ungracious not to acknowledge the skill with which the authors set out their propaganda. It is not till we are nearly half way through the book that their purpose is frankly revealed. Were we the type of reader to whom it is meant to appeal we might well be tempted by the tendentious presentation of the other parties' cases to reject them in favour of a point of view proceeding from so comprehensive a claim to social virtue. We might miss the inconsistency with which, for instance, it is maintained that on the one hand Conservatives have no monopoly of patriotism and on the other that the Liberals are not worthy of support because Asquith and Sir Edward Grey brought us into the war.

## SHAKESPEARE AND THE LAW

*Links between Shakespeare and the Law.* By the Right Hon. Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

THE obscurity which surrounds the personal history of Shakespeare has led to assiduous dredging in his works for indications of his points of contact with this or that occupation. In particular, his happy use of words of imposing legal sonority has led many scholars to the conclusion that Shakespeare must have laboured for some period of his varied life in the dusty service of the Law. According as these commentators have been impressed with the accuracy and scope of his legal references, so have they raised Shakespeare's status in the legal profession. Malone, himself a lawyer though a non-practising one, was content with surmising that Shakespeare must have passed some time as an attorney's clerk in Stratford or elsewhere. At the other end of the scale is the vociferous and redoubtable army of Baconians who assert that Shakespeare's legal knowledge and power of apt allusion could only have been wielded by a Lord High Chancellor of England.

Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton's book is an admirable contribution to this controversy. It is admirable for the knowledge of Shakespeare's works, of Shakespeare's times and of the law of England on which his conclusions are based, and it is doubly admirable for the temper in which these conclusions and the evidence which supports them are set out. The Baconian controversy is one which notoriously tends to "the Retort Courteous; the Quip Modest; the Reply Churlish; the Reproof Valiant; the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the Lie with Circumstance and the Lie Direct," in easy and disastrous declension. Though Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton's book does not directly allude to the claims of the Baconians, the bearing of his researches upon those claims and the acrid nature of the controversy are admirably and entertainingly illustrated in the long "foreword" which is contributed by the Hon. James M. Beck, who was at one time Solicitor-General of the United States of America. It appears that Mark Twain invited Mr. Beck to his home at Stormfield in order to discuss the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Like most pre-arranged discussions, this one did not go too happily. Mark Twain was a keen Baconian and, as soon as his valet had taken charge of Mr. Beck's luggage,

Mark Twain took me into the library and went at his favourite topic as abruptly as Hamlet made the players "give us a taste of their quality" . . . As the discussion proceeded, I naturally suggested some of the many arguments which, if documentary evidence has any value, support the claims of the Stratford poet. The more I submitted the arguments for his consideration, the more passionate his temper became. At first I regarded this with some amusement, but later with some concern. Finally, when I advanced some argument to which he could not give even a plausible answer, he suddenly burst into a volley of profanity, worthy of his early days on the Mississippi, and cursed and reviled Shakespeare with a coarseness of phrase that would have

done justice to Falstaff and his companions. After this explosion, he sullenly went into the billiard-room and commenced to knock the balls idly about, while I went up to my room and considered whether I should pack my valises and make my adieux. We met again at dinner, but nothing was said about the disputed question, nor in the few remaining days of my visit.

Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton shows us Shakespeare's use of legal language against its historical background. The Law was a part of the environment of Shakespeare as it was of that of most men of his station in Elizabethan England. He was bred in a litigious town which had six local attorneys, three Courts of its own and an Assize town within easy reach. His father was concerned in no fewer than fifty law-suits in the course of forty years. The elder Shakespeare was a member of the town council, a juror, an assessor of fines, an arbitrator and the high bailiff of his native town. The difficulties of his later years involved him in personal and sorrowful knowledge of judgment and execution and acquainted him with the form of writs and the pitfalls of the law of mortgage and foreclosure. One can imagine the frequency with which legal jargon would be bandied about the Stratford dining-table.

Nor when the young Shakespeare took to the London stage did he escape from the juridical atmosphere of Elizabethan England. Between the stage and the Inns of Court there were close and daily contacts. The Inns were the centres of intellectual life in London. Plays were acted in them, written in them and discussed in them. The patrons of Shakespeare and other dramatists were members of one or another Inn and the whole literary and dramatic "set" of the period centred round "those brick towers" now devoted more strenuously to the sole study and practice of the law. As Sir Dunbar shows, other dramatists of the period excel Shakespeare both in the number and the accuracy of their legal allusions.

Shakespeare did not use allusions which his audience would not understand. To a layman, and indeed to a modern lawyer, the legal allusions in the plays are recondite, obscure and associated with matters known only to those very learned in the law. In Shakespeare's own times, however, they were as topical as an allusion to "Dora" would be to-day. The great figures of the legal world and the great cases of that formative period of English law were familiar to Shakespeare's audiences to an extent which their modern counterparts are not in this age of wider interests and competing distractions. For example, the graveyard scene in 'Hamlet' (V. 1) where the two clowns discuss the philosophy of suicide is grimly humorous to us to-day, but the allusions came home with an added saltiness to an audience familiar with the long-drawn-out contemporary case of *Hales v. Petit*, where this very point was argued in a manner which constituted a *reductio ad absurdum* of legal sophistry. In the same way, as Sir Dunbar shows, Shakespeare's technical use of the words "purchased," "fines and recoveries," "perpetual," "remainder," etc., are but echoes of the resounding conflict which filled the courts of the time between the Statute Law restrictions on the alienation of property and the ingenious fictions of the Common Law by which those statutory restrictions were surmounted.

The great merit of this book is that, besides explaining many topical allusions hitherto obscure, it gives a lively picture of the bustling, intellectual life of the time. It was the age, not of the specialist, but of all-round men like Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh. Shakespeare and his audiences were nearer in time and spirit to the Renaissance than we are apt to remember. They were imbued with the same strong curiosity and zest for life in all its manifestations. Of these manifestations, the Law, with its battles of wit, its tortuous ingenuity, is close contact with everyday matters, its picturesque diction and ritual and the grim fascination of its barbarous punishments,

was not the least entertaining and interesting to the people and to the dramatist who never failed to cater for them.

We cannot close without a word of appreciation of the way in which this book is printed, bound and illustrated. In every way it is the sort of book to acquire permanently.

### THE NURSERY SCHOOL

*Children in the Nursery School.* By Harriet M. Johnson. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

THIS is probably the most important book yet written upon organization in the nursery school. No one should be put off reading it because it is full of Americanisms and of technical psychological terms; the meaning of the terms used is self-revealing and should give no trouble to intelligent readers.

The book is distinguished from other books on nursery schools read in England because it is free from sentiment, written by one with an extraordinarily clear grasp of modern psychological and intelligence experiments, with a mind of her own, and with several years' experience as a director of nursery schools under the American Bureau of Educational Experiments. It is confined to a study of the needs and characteristics in nursery schools for children of from one to three years.

Miss Johnson's conception of a nursery school is that it should be an organization to supplement the home rather than to supplant it. The concern of nursery schools should be with the growth of the children under their care—not merely with their physical growth but with the development of personality, speech, social behaviour towards adults and other children, and with the child's sense of his own individual power. It should be the aim of the nursery school to turn out children who are balanced in bodily movement, self-confident in behaviour, not dependent upon adults for those services which it is more economic in the long run that they should provide for themselves; intelligent, alert, and experimental in their mental make-up. For these purposes she has her own very definite conceptions of how a nursery school should be run; what kind of attitude the adults should be encouraged to take towards the children, and what kind of attitude the children should be encouraged to take towards adults; how to distinguish between habits and techniques which are meretricious and meaningless to children, and those which are significant and truly lead towards development; how to maintain order without laying too much stress upon regimentation; how to develop a child's individual sense without destroying perfect freedom in the group. In estimating her work it must be remembered that she is only concerned with children of from one to three years.

A child between one and three is not naturally prompt; it is of no importance to him whether he is brought to school at 9 or at 9.20. The mother who hustles him out of the house—with dreadful warnings about the fate of the unpunctual—merely bewilders a sensitive, curious creature, anxious to please, but disliking being bothered with standards which do not interest him. Give a child a box of toys, tell him to make no noise, to be careful with them because his sister will want to play with them to-morrow, adding, "be sure to put all of them away in the cupboard before tea," and playing with the toys ceases to be a constructive game. It becomes a matter of careful attention to rules and standards; no longer experimental, it is then disciplined. Make a child do up his boot buttons every morning, when the tiny muscles need to be delicately developed before such an operation can be undertaken successfully, and you agonize him,

develop ill-temper and negativism and lack of sympathy with adults. Instruct a child to say "Good morning, thank you very much, Mr. Jones" to Mr. Jones for poking his beard into the nursery, spoiling the play, and patronizing everybody to the point of provoking childish bewilderment and sensitive resentment, and a parent can give his daughter a real lesson in hypocrisy which will be much more difficult for her to unlearn than to learn. Parents should subdue their pride in their offspring at least to the point of not wishing to exhibit their proficiency in adult techniques and conventions, quite meaningless or full of harmful meaning to the children. As a check to these tendencies in parents Miss Johnson makes a fine case for nursery schools.

"How do we keep order?" asks Miss Johnson. Partly by suggesting that certain things shall be done at certain times, and partly by encouraging the children to enjoy doing these things by introducing childish fun and creating a game out of a rule. "Have we any rules?" Yes, two: all toys belong to everybody; possession is established by use. "How do we keep them?" In the first place never by inviting adult approval; mainly by asking the children to be kind to one another; sometimes by removing the offender; in the last resort by placing the toys out of reach of the children.

Miss Johnson has original and perhaps very American theories about talking. Again it must be remembered how young are the children she deals with. A child, she says, should not be encouraged to use words the meaning of which he does not understand. Language she seems to regard as a muscular habit, subject to all sorts of whimsical tendencies, such as delight in rhythm and delight in imaginative play (not shown at this early age), only used to its best purpose when co-ordinated with other muscular activity. When a child asks questions, Miss Johnson's habit is to try to make him answer them. At this age the plan seems to serve a useful purpose; it tends to co-ordinate visual and auditory impressions with speech. The latter section of the book is worthy of serious study by psychologists and philosophers, as well as parents and educationists.

R. G. R.

### THE THEATRE IN OUR TIME

*Great Modern British Plays.* Edited by J. W. Marriott. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

THE "omnibus" volumes and anthologies which the publishers are now offering very often supply Bond Street quality at Woolworth prices, and if the public are still chary of buying books it must be, in many cases, because they do not know a bargain when it is put before their notice. Here, for instance, are nineteen full-length plays representative of the modern English Theatre from Robertson to Coward, excellently edited and printed, bound in cloth, and costing less than sixpence each. The representation of the drama of our time cannot, by reason of copyright, be complete. Mr. Shaw and Sir James Barrie are inevitable absentees, and it may interest readers to know that the editor's choice, had his hands been free, would have been given to 'Heartbreak House' and 'The Admirable Crichton.' He gives no explanation in his concise and extremely sagacious preface as to why nothing from Mr. Granville-Barker has been included; 'The Voysey Inheritance' seemed an obvious inclusion, and it is certainly strange that a list which includes Mr. Harold Brighouse and Mr. Charles McEvoy, both pupil-teachers in the Manchester school, should be included when such a master as Mr. Barker has been omitted.

Poetic drama is represented by 'The Virgin Goddess' of Mr. Rudolph Besier, a judgment which will surprise the reader less when he has read the

play. It is better than anything by Stephen Phillips, though not so good as Mr. Lawrence Binyon at his best. The neglect of Mr. Binyon as poet and dramatist is one of the tragic curiosities of our time. To re-read 'The New Morality' by Harold Chapin is to reflect that distress at the loss of this dramatist in the war may have caused us to overvalue his work, while to renew acquaintance with Mr. Somerset Maugham's 'The Circle' is to hope that this remarkable piece will soon be revived in the West End, a reward which it easily merits. War plays are represented by 'The White Chateau,' a good piece by Mr. Reginald Berkeley, but less important than 'The Conquering Hero' by Mr. Allan Monkhouse, a dramatist who, like Stanley Houghton, finds no inclusion. Oscar Wilde is not here. Mr. Noel Coward is represented by 'The Young Idea,' an interesting vote for an early and not typical piece. 'Hay Fever' would have been a better choice, surely, but 'The Young Idea' has the peculiar freshness and boyish sense of fun which began to vanish when Mr. Coward had to take himself seriously in his Press-made rôle of naughty spokesman for a lawless and cynical age.

Given greater freedom, therefore, Mr. Marriott might have made this book more useful to students of the contemporary drama, but working under severe limitations of choice he has shown independence of judgment as well as range of sympathy, and his editorial notes are models of concise commentary.

### FRENCH MEMORIES

*The House of Memories.* By Barbara Wilson. Heinemann. 6s.

LADY WILSON'S memories may be read with pleasure in the interval between tea and dinner and they are, for the most part, so agreeably told, and with such charm, unaffected sentimentality, profusion of metaphor, and brightness that it would be ungracious to criticize further. One's greatest admiration is of the memory rather than the memories. How few could evoke so easily such detailed pictures of school days and experiences, and impart a fragrance so unconsciously.

We begin with Paris and governesses and teachers, music, mathematics, drawing and diction, and pass to a greater world of embassies and artists, balls, salons and painters, and throughout meet "characters," pencilled with skill. There are good or goodish stories, and two tales worth telling in addition to the tale which enfolds the whole. Among the former we cherish the one of the horse which grazed off the convolvulus on the hat, we like the eloquence of the lady, or rather vestal virgin, who exclaimed in the course of a wordy dispute with another: "Mademoiselle, vous êtes d'une insolence sans nom." The "tales" are too good to summarize. One illustrates very beautifully the practical and the sentimental in collision, the other is of a marriage with a man because of love of his brother. Both are well told. And the story of the enormous reputed Titian, or rather the beginning of it, refuses to be left unquoted:

It was labelled "The Rape of the Sabines." The composition was confused. It took me quite a little while to discover that it was not a study of octopuses in an aquarium. A welter of arms and legs, human and equine, hoisted themselves in an inchoate mass below an indigo sky. Above these bituminous limbs a shaft of light that never came from sun or moon cleft the clouds. The panel was enormous and reached from floor to ceiling. "This," said Madame Bigot, "is the Titian. It has been in my family for centuries. My grandmother was a Venetian," she added conclusively.

We have all seen that picture. But here our gentle pillaging of this rich little volume must stop, with an assurance that much remains unpillaged.

### NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*Six Mrs. Greenes.* By Lorna Rea. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*Clash.* By Ellen Wilkinson. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

*Red Cavalry.* By I. Babel. Knopf. 6s.

*The Path of Glory.* By George Blake. Constable. 6s.

**S**IX MRS. GREENES' has the freshness and spontaneity of a first novel, together with virtues of arrangement and construction which most first novels lack. Mrs. Rea has the amateur's impulse and the veteran's knowledge of when to stop. Indeed, her original and, at first blush, unpromising narrative scheme involves her continually in fresh starts; and with many novelists they would also be false starts. She has six heroines, whose only link is that of marriage with the Greene family. Three generations deep and several cousins wide, with the further rather flimsy bond of a prospective dinner-party which shall bring them all together. Of each of these six ladies, Mrs. Rea gives a little sketch, with some account of their lives and enough incident to show their characters in action. Like Octavia, they are essentially married women, martyrs and victors of the married state, alike in nothing, perhaps, but in their fidelity to their vows.

The Greene family took marriage seriously; the male Greenes (this is one of the weaknesses of the book) are just husbands, good-natured, yielding and devoted, but hardly at all differentiated, the raw material from which their wives carve monuments to matrimony. Lest there should be lacking a criterion and a scale, Mrs. Rea provides the imposing figure of Mrs. Rodney Greene, in her own opinion a model wife and mother. She belongs

## THE VOYAGE OF THE 'ANNIE MARBLE'

Being the Story of a Cruise through France with an Outboard Motor-Boat. By C. S. FORESTER, author of "Brown on Resolution." With illustrations from the author's photographs and a sketch map. 8s. 6d. net.

The account of a tour through France by way of the Rivers Seine and Loire and the connecting canals in the "Annie Marble," a fifteen-foot dinghy fitted with an outboard motor and a camping cover. The Loire is nowadays so impeded by sandbanks that the navigation of its wonderful upper reaches, in the heart of the Chateaux country, is seldom attempted. Mr. and Mrs. Forester have shown in this pioneer voyage how this historic and beautiful part of France can be traversed by water with comfort and at a very small cost.

## EXPRESS TO HINDUSTAN

By M. H. ELLIS. With illustrations from the author's photographs and a sketch map. 12s. 6d. net.

The story of a motor car journey from London to Delhi via Vienna, Budapest, Sofia, Constantinople, Aleppo and Bagdad. The author's aim was to reach Australia, spending as little time as possible on the water, but he was compelled to abandon this idea on reaching India.

A new and cheaper edition of Alexander Wicksteed's "Life Under the Soviets" has just been issued at 2s. net in paper covers. The original edition is still obtainable at 6s. net.

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to the second generation. Born presumably in the 'seventies, she is an emblem of successful matrimony: the rest, younger or older, compare unfavourably with her; they are seen at once to be too ill, too old, too selfish, too rude, too raw. But she does her duty by them and invites them all to dinner.

The novel flourishes so long as it has its roots in a definite, accepted social order. Those modern novelists who discard the usages of traditions or who seek to invent for themselves new conventions of living, may be paving the way for art in the future, but they are neglecting it in the present. Mrs. Rea writes of a world which trusts its own code and can instinctively classify the varieties of human behaviour and experience presented to it—a world as positive and unsceptical as was Jane Austen's. Mrs. Rea's achievement is not to be compared with hers nor are their intentions similar: for the former, manipulating her three generations, is social historian as well as novelist. But, like Jane Austen, she never has to force her note, for her effects lie ready to hand in the daily lives of characters civilized enough to cultivate their personalities instead of their passions.

As might be expected, Miss Ellen Wilkinson's novel is semi-political in character: the "clash" implied by its title is partly between the claims of love and work in the life of a young Socialist woman-worker: but more generally between the classes in England. Again, as might be expected, the political section is the better. The scenes of the General Strike are described with vigour and vivacity, and Miss Wilkinson's exposition of political views is clear, interesting and eloquent. But the end of that eloquence tends to be defeated by the charming and unselfish enthusiasm which she feels for her co-workers in the cause. The poor are represented as uniformly good-humoured, courageous and self-sacrificing; the rich as sometimes wicked, often foolish and always discontented. Surely, then, the possession of wealth is a misfortune rather than the undeserved piece of good luck Miss Wilkinson thinks it. One asks oneself: Should not the conscientious strive strenuously to resist any improvement of the conditions in mining towns, if the present ones produce characters so elevated and if material possessions are so insidiously demoralizing? But perhaps Miss Wilkinson's objection to the capitalist system arises rather from its capacity to produce wealth than its inability to prevent poverty. If it were abolished, she hopes all might be reduced to indigence and all might be as virtuous and delightful as the indigent are to-day.

Her view of human nature would not be shared in Russia. If 'Red Cavalry' were published in a reactionary newspaper it would no doubt be attacked as a false and dastardly example of bourgeois propaganda. But it has been published in Russia, since the Revolution, so we must conclude that its view of the Russian character is one of which the Soviet Government approves. Cruelty is its one constant quality, though it is able at times to be lustful and rapacious. Not that it is uncontrolled; convention, strong as that of a public-school, enforces its characteristics on the Cossack soldiers whom most of these stories are about. The hero in one of the stories, 'My First Goose,' is unable to win the respect of his comrades till he has "pushed an old woman with his fist" and stolen her goose:

I overtook it and stamped on the ground. Its head cracked beneath my foot. . . . Her eyes and glasses glistening, the old woman picked up the bird and bore it off into the kitchen. "Comrade," she said to me, "I want to go and hang myself." . . . The Cossacks in the yard were already sitting round their cauldron. "The lad's all right," one of them said about me.

The narrator of 'Salt,' on the other hand, expresses his better feelings by shooting in the back an old woman who was endeavouring to bring food to famine-stricken towns. Now and again cruelty is made to serve an educative purpose.

Matvey Pavlitchenka, in the story called after his name, avenges himself on a landowner who had formerly cheated him, by trampling him slowly to death:

With shooting—I'll put it that way—you only get rid of a chap. Shooting's letting him off and too damned easy for yourself. With shooting you'll never get at the soul, to where it is in a fellow and how it goes and shows itself. But I don't spare myself, and more than once trampled an enemy for over an hour. You see I want to get to know what life really is, and how it is inside us.

It is fair to say that Mr. Babel does not praise these actions, but neither does he blame them. Indeed, they seem to him an inevitable part of the life of his experience, that it would be as useless to criticize as to criticize the rain for falling. To his credit it must be said that he is a short-story writer of talent, accomplished, original, and commendably short.

'The Path of Glory' is a brief—too brief—account of the Gallipoli campaign as seen through the eyes of a Scottish soldier. Not too brief, perhaps, for our comfort: Mr. George Blake's straightforward unsentimental narrative shows unexpected depths of emotion, and that emotion is of the most harrowing kind. The central figure is a man of the stamp of Sergeant Grischa, brave, slow-witted, and affectionate, capable of feeling profoundly the horrors of war, but of a nervous organism too primitive to be made hysterical by them. The evidence of a more sensitive witness would have been far less valuable; and 'The Path of Glory' is an historical document as well as a novel. One cannot praise too highly its fairness, its restraint, its power, shown on every page, of extracting from the welter of battle significant and illuminating incidents. The whole book has a dignity of attitude and elevation of tone which never falter and which raise it, though written in the plainest style, to the stature of poetry.

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**HAWKINS** (*a modern chauffeur*)—Fine view, ain't it, Mister? You can see a rare lot o' snow on these peaks.

**HANNIBAL**—Greeting, stranger. A fine view indeed—the mountains at least remain, though the feats that made their history have perished.

**HAWKINS**—Blimey—that's a rum thing to say. What's the matter with these 'ere first-rate roads over the passes—with the last word in motor-transport thrown in? Ain't they feats enough for you?

**HANNIBAL**—Young man—do you know who I am?

**HAWKINS**—'Aven't the pleasure, Sir.

**HANNIBAL**—Hannibal of Carthage.

**HAWKINS**—Wot—'im out of the history books?

**HANNIBAL**—The same. When the world was 2,000 years younger, I crossed these Alps in fifteen days, horse and foot.

**HAWKINS**—And 37 elephants. I remember that much.

**HANNIBAL** (*sadly*)—My elephants! Well, such is the fame posterity accords. When my campaigns are forgotten, and all the suffering and endurance—the world will remember my elephants.

**HAWKINS** (*warmly*)—And a fine stunt, too, that was. It'd 'ave looked a treat on the pictures, that would 'ave. But you don't mean to tell me it was a nippy way of getting about. Now, my governor's got a straight eight, and the way we've licked up this road fair beats creation.

**HANNIBAL**—Your motor engine, you mean? Product of an effete luxurious age—where man has forgotten that personal courage and strength are the best means to achievement.

**HAWKINS**—Effete nothing, if you'll excuse me, Sir. Plenty of nerve wanted to run up this 'ere pass from Aix in four hours. And we couldn't have done it neither, if it hadn't been that even here a chap can be sure of getting the same good old juice as in England. You don't want to risk no pinking engines nor dirty plugs in this cheery spot. Only the best's good enough for us nowadays.

**HANNIBAL**—A base mechanical best, compared with my day, young man.

**HAWKINS**—Come Sir, honest now—wouldn't you have been glad of a bit of motor-transport and plenty of the right petrol, for your little dust-up in Italy there?

**HANNIBAL**—I cannot think in these inhuman terms. Men and beasts were the stuff I had to work with.

**HAWKINS**—Well, the likeliest beasts we know nowadays are the quick-starting pair—the best brand in the world—

**HANNIBAL** (*sadly*)—Deleta est Carthago—alas, my elephants—

**HAWKINS**—Aw—come off it, Mister. Wot I say is—hats off to SHELL!



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## SHORTER NOTICES

**Eighteenth-Century France.** By F. C. Green. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THE author of the six essays printed under this title is Professor of French at the University of Toronto and his book is learned, interesting and amusing. His subjects are: John Law, Anglomaniacs and Francophiles, the Abbé Coyer, Fréron, Playhouses, and the Censorship. When Law died, the *Mercur de France* printed the following pleasant epitaph:

Ci-gît cet Ecossais célèbre,  
Ce calculateur sans égal,  
Qui, par les règles de l'algèbre,  
A mis la France à l'Hôpital.

Among the Anglomaniacs is one G. Lesage (not a relative of the famous novelist), who travelled in England in 1710 and 1711. He visited Oxford and Cambridge and found the standard very low and the method of instruction indiscoverable, chiefly because there was no method at all. Especially interesting is the study of the Abbé Coyer, one of the lesser names in French literature, and of the social conditions of his time, which are compendiously indicated in Coyer's picture of a society in which the wealthy are apathetic or inhumane in their relations towards the poor, and such a thing as child murder was an everyday occurrence. The slight modifications of the picture which modern research has shown to be necessary are, however, indicated by the author of this instructive and entertaining book.

**Select Documents for Queen Anne's Reign.** Selected and edited by G. M. Trevelyan. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE documents the Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge has selected come down to the Union with Scotland in 1707, and are for the most part political and military. They are published mainly for the benefit of Cambridge undergraduates reading this period for a special subject, but so carefully chosen a selection can hardly fail to have a wider use. Most of the documents are in print but not readily accessible. The principal exceptions are some transcripts from the British Museum manuscripts, in particular from the Godolphin Papers, Hare's Journal, and the Ellis manuscripts, illustrating Gibraltar and Blenheim. A useful feature of the book is the printing of extracts from contemporary writings such as the 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' the 'Examiner,' the 'Freeholder,' and the 'Spectator.' Some texts of treaties, lists, and sketch maps complete a useful book. In a short Preface Professor Trevelyan indicates his own attitude to the politics of the time. He regards the period from 1702 to 1706 as one of great danger to Europe, deliverance from which was due to Queen Anne, Harley, Godolphin and Marlborough. Commercial issues are also mentioned, but are formally represented in the documents only in some clauses of the treaties printed.

**Animals in Black and White.** Vol. 5. Reptiles; Vol. 6. Fishes and Sea Animals. By Eric Fitch Daglish. Dent. 2s. 6d. each.

LAST Christmas, in reviewing the first four volumes of this Series, we had little to do beyond pointing out how very excellent they were, and the present additions give us no reason to qualify or amend our judgment. Mr. Daglish and his publishers have now carried their plan to its conclusion and the result of their work has not its match among the countless little books about animals which never cease to press on us. The choice of subjects has been as admirable as the manner of their execution; Mr. Daglish has not avoided anything simply because it is well known, but he has gone over the whole of his enormous field quite impartially, picking out his sitters on their merits, so that they include comparatively obscure creatures like the Moonfish, the Seps, and the Heloderm alongside the familiar flying-fish, crocodile and chameleon—we will not spell it chameleon, even in gratitude to Mr. Daglish.

The positive success of this bold experiment can hardly be in doubt; as frequent victims we must hope that it will also have the negative success of making it more difficult for publishers to get away with the standard of inferiority in this class which they have usually been allowed to get away with, but as philosophers we fear that Mr. Daglish's contribution must mark not a permanent advance but a solitary oasis in the waste.

**Sea-Trout Fishing.** By R. C. Bridgett. Jenkins. 15s.

THE author of this excellent treatise on Sea-Trout Fishing is, or used to be, the angling editor of the *Glasgow Herald*. He has already half a dozen books on angling to his credit and is recognized by all Scotsmen as one of the leading authorities on trout-fishing in their country. As he has also a pleasant style, his books are not only instructive but thoroughly readable, too. Mr. Bridgett must have visited nearly every loch and stream in Scotland, and his advice is both catholic and sound. He seems to hold the view that very few anglers set out "to fish expressly for sea-trout," i.e., that most sea-trout are caught fortuitously, while the angler is really matching his skill against the salmon or the brown trout. It is, however, a fact that many sea-trout enthusiasts go year after year to the Uists, to Connemara, and to the North of Scotland, in pursuit of sea-trout, and of sea-trout only.

Mr. Bridgett's book is something more than a manual on how to fish for sea-trout; it contains some attractive chapters on his personal experiences and adventures. There are also some excellent photographs.

**The Slippery Ladder.** By W. Pett Ridge. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

HERE is another of this author's biographies of a London lad. The boy starts, in this case, unusually handicapped with a feckless criminal father; in fact the story opens with an interview at Pentonville Prison, but steady attention to business and a little good fortune puts him on the road to success. The story is thin but pleasant; it is mainly connected with the fortunes of a large catering business, and will make a comfortable companion for a railway journey or a lazy evening.

## THE QUARTERLIES—I

The *Quarterly* gives chief place to a paper on 'The Italianization of South Tyrol,' by Mr. Munroe, pointing out that treaty obligations are being disregarded there. Mr. D. Gordon writes on 'The Senses of Animals,' and treats with scorn the rationalization of many of their actions. Mr. Disher contributes an amusing paper on 'The Music Hall.' Was not the last London Chairman to be seen at what is now the Winter Garden? Mr. and Mrs. Hammond reply to Miss Murray's attack in the last number, and turn the tables on her. Mr. Cranmer-Byng treats the story of Merlin in a vein of high poetry; and Mr. H. C. Harwood deals with 'Recent Tendencies in English Fiction' with uncompromising severity, and sees little hope for its future. Prof. Morgan concludes his most valuable study of 'The Riddle of Lord Haldane'; Prof. J. A. Thomson in 'Social Animals' analyses and describes the various forms of association and the effect it has on individuals. An exceptionally good number.

The *Edinburgh* opens with a study of 'The Revision of the Dawes Plan.' Mr. J. Barbour makes hay of the Nationalists of Scotland; Mr. D. Gwynn revives old associations of the journal with Sydney Smith. Mr. F. A. Wright discourses on 'The Latin Poetry of the Renaissance'—a field much too vast for him—he misses out some of the best. Mr. P. M. Magnus writes on 'Poetry and Society since Tennyson' with an equal knowledge of either; Mr. H. P. Marshall is laudatory of the work of Mary Webb—seen at its best in 'Precious Bane.' Mr. Harold Mattingly sums up our knowledge of 'The Coinage of the Roman Empire' as far as it can be done in brief; and



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The *Criterion* devotes some space to Communism and Fascism. Mr. Rowse devotes most of his space to Karl Marx, but there is an idealistic literature of Communism too. Mr. Barnes sees in Fascism a revolt against materialism and a movement towards the revival of authority, political and ecclesiastical. Mr. Chesterton does not accept Humanism as a religious ideal, and 'Advocatus Diaboli' is a brilliant exposition of Spanish mysticism by S. Mario Praz. Mr. D. H. Lawrence's 'Mother and Daughter' is a first-rate piece of work; Mr. Church writes on Oliver Goldsmith.

*Artwork* takes new life under the editorship of Mr. D. S. MacColl, whose return to regular journalism is a matter for congratulation to readers generally. Mr. Wilson Steer is the subject of a very fully illustrated paper by the Editor; Mrs. Esdaile gathers up what is known of George Bubb, a mediocre marble carver but an architectural sculptor in relief of a high order. The paper is prompted by the reliefs from Nash's Opera House now at Millbank. Sir C. J. Holmes writes entertainingly on his apprenticeship to art, and there are a number of shorter papers of value.

## ACROSTICS

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 371

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, May 2)

THESE PRECEPTS TWAIN IN HOLY WRIT WE READ:  
SHALL WE NOT, THEN, DO WELL TO GIVE THEM HEED?

1. Adorns the hero's tomb and poet's brow.
2. Curtail a shaft discharged but rarely now.
3. A charm in which a water-plant I see.
4. Great sums are sometimes lost and won in me.
5. Is Dobbin out of sorts? Well, here's your man!
6. Ours he upsets who foils some cherished plan.
7. A damsel fair, of more than mortal mould.
8. Weaker and worse than his brave sires of old.
9. As proud as any he that treads this earth.
10. Heart of the world's great season of rebirth.
11. My pits entrap the Myrmidonian race.
12. This I was once—but ah! time flies apace.

### Solution of Acrostic No. 369

G	ul	F <sup>1</sup>	1 Luke xvi. 26.
A	rie	L <sup>2</sup>	2 Tempest 2. 2.
R	obins	On	3 Happy the man who, void of cares and
D	ho	W	strife,
E	ngin	E	In silken or in leathern purse retains
N	a	Rcotic	A splendid shilling.
S	hillin	G <sup>8</sup>	John Phillips: <i>The Splendid Shilling</i>
aN	athem	A	4 Cease from anger and forsake wrath.
A	nge	R <sup>4</sup>	Ps. xxxvii. 8 (R.V.)
I	nroa	D	
L	azar-hous	E	
S	uspicio	N	

ACROSTIC No. 369.—The winner is Mr. E. Barrett, 45 Harrington Road, South Kensington, S.W.7, who has selected as his prize 'The Empress Tzu Hsi. Old Buddha,' by Princess Der Ling, published at the Bodley Head, and reviewed by us on April 13. Seventy other competitors named this book, ten chose 'Eurydice,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Buns, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Miss Carter, W. H. Carter, Ceyx, Clam, Chailey, Maud Crowther, Chip, Dhualt, Dolmar, Falcon, Cyril E. Ford, Hanworth, Hetrians, Iago, Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Martha, M. C. S. S., George W. Miller, Miss Moore, N. O. Sellam, George Randolph, Rho Kappa, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Miss Rosa C. Burley, M. de Burgh, J. Chambers, J. R. Cripps, D. L., Doric, M. East, Reginald P. Eccles, E. G. H., Elizabeth, G. M. Fowler, E. W. Fox, Gay, Glamis, Colonel C. B. L. Greenstreet, H. C. M., H. K., W. P. James, Jeff, Jop, Lilian, Madge, A. M. W. Maxwell, Margaret, Met, Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., Lady Mottram, M. Overton, Margaret Owen, F. M. Petty, Shorwell, Margarita Skene, Spyella, Sydney, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Thora, Twyford, Tyro, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, A. R. Wheeler.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. Alice Crooke, Ursula D'Ott, Fossil, James Hall, Rabbits, Rand.

LILIAN.—Winners are invariably pleased with their prizes; non-winners sometimes like to think that there was no book worth winning.

STUCCO AND DOLMAR.—Will look the matter up on returning home after a two months' ramble in Italy.

MADGE.—Your solution of No. 367 did not reach us, but your assurance is accepted.

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INSURANCE  
MONTHLY PAYMENTS

By D. CAMERON FORRESTER

WHEN the Legal and General Assurance Society first introduced the system of paying for one's life assurance by twelve equal instalments of the annual premium each calendar month, I hailed it as one of the most far-reaching innovations of recent years, and so it bids fair to become. The fact that one could effect almost any form of policy by small periodic amounts out of current income, with the added convenience of making these payments by means of a banker's order, proved immediately popular, and a number of well-known offices now grant similar facilities.

Unlike the pioneer office, however, many offices charge a small extra on the annual premium for the accommodation of paying monthly, while others fix either a minimum or maximum amount of policy. As I receive numerous enquiries from time to time as to which offices will accept monthly instalments of premiums, the details in the table which follows, giving the practice of a number of leading companies, may be of general interest and value:

Office	Extra Charged. Per cent.	Minimum Premium or Sum Assured.
Abstainers and Gen.	2½	£1 prem.
Alliance	2½	£1 prem.
Atlas	2½	£1 prem.
British Equitable	Nil	£1 prem.
British General	5	£1 prem.
Clerical, Med. and Gen.	3	£1 prem.
Commercial Union	6	£2 prem.
Confederation	5	£1 prem.
Eagle, Star	2½	£500 Assured
Friends' Provident	2½	10s. prem.
General Life	2½	£1 prem.
Law Union and Rock	2	£1 prem.
Legal and General	Nil	10s. prem.
Liverpool, Lon. and Globe	2½	£1 prem.
London Assurance	*3	£1 prem.
London Life	5	£1 prem.
Manufacturers	5	£1 prem.
Nat. Mutual of Australia	3½	£1 prem.
National Mutual	*3	£2 prem.
		or £500 Assured
National Provident	{ *6 Life *4 End.	£1 prem.
Phoenix	Nil	{ £500 Assured min. £2,000 Assured max.
Royal	Varies	£1 prem.
Royal Exchange	2	£100 Assured
Scottish Equitable	2½	£1 prem.
Scottish Life	2½	£1 prem.
Scottish Widows	2½	£1 prem.
Sun Life	5	10s. prem.
United Kingdom Provident	2	5s. prem.

\* Approximate addition.

One of the offices in the above list—the Liverpool and London and Globe Assurance Company—has issued a most ingenious monthly premium prospectus. By simply rotating a disc the intending policyholder can discover exactly how much initial assurance can be obtained for each £1 per month at various ages, and also the answers to various other queries. At age 30, for example, it is shown that £1 per month will secure £470 at death if premiums are payable throughout life, or £339 if payments are limited to twenty years. Also the amount of endowment payable in twenty years' time is shown to be £230, in twenty-five years £287 and in thirty years £339. All these amounts are plus full participation in profits, and in this respect the office has a wonderful bonus record of over half a century during which period—war years included—its rate of distribution has never varied, but has been maintained at 35s. per cent. The result of the valuation for the five-year period ended last December is due in the next few weeks.



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The total annual outlay for Endowment Assurance and Disability policies would be £123 10s. 4d.

Benefits and premiums under the Continuous Disability Policy cease at the age of 60, when the capital sum would become payable under the Endowment Assurance Policy.

In the example quoted above it is assumed that the rate of Income Tax and conditions of rebate remain unaltered, and the Ordinary Branch Annual Reversionary Bonus for Endowment Assurances continues at the rate for the year 1928, i.e., £2 6s. per cent.

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S.R. P.P. 181

## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**C**ONDITIONS on the Stock Exchange remain quiescent and uninteresting, a striking antithesis to the activity of last year. Unfortunately, it is impossible to forecast an immediate change, inasmuch as there is little doubt that the general consensus of opinion is that business is likely to mark time until after the General Election. One point, however, that must not be overlooked is the fact that markets, generally speaking, are extremely steady despite the lack of business; they can be described as idle, but not as weak. From this one can deduce that, providing the result of the General Election does not deal any shattering blow to the City, we are likely to see renewed activity once finance replaces politics as a subject of general interest. Meanwhile, when shares in any of the sound industrial companies are obtainable at attractively low levels they should be acquired and locked away for the rise that they should enjoy in the second half of the present year.

### WAR LOAN

Although the dividend on 5 per cent. War Loan is not paid until June 1 in accordance with the usual Stock Exchange custom, this stock will be quoted *ex* dividend to-day. The recent demand is probably attributable to buying on the part of those who wish to obtain this dividend. A marked feature of late on the Stock Exchange has been the steady demand for high-class investment securities. I attribute this partly to the fact that investors realize the moment is not opportune for acquiring interest in speculative counters and partly to the fact that the large number of recently created Trust Companies have funds available for investment.

In addition to this the shares of those Trusts which are in the right hands are excellent mediums for permanent investment, and the Trusts themselves perform a useful function, in that they are always ready to acquire thoroughly sound investment securities if these are obtainable at under their real value, owing to general market depression. The steady influence which the Trusts have on this class of security is very beneficial to permanent holders, who might be made uneasy if they saw their price unduly depressed and might not appreciate the fact that this was solely due to general conditions.

### IMPERIAL CHEMICALS

Lord Melchett's announcement at the Imperial Chemical Industries meeting last week that the directors propose to increase the capital of the Company by an issue of 4,410,595 7 per cent. preference shares at 23s. and 6,016,857 ordinary shares at 33s. 6d. led to the price of the ordinary shares being slightly marked down. These new shares are being issued to existing shareholders in the proportion of one new preference share for every existing four preference shares, one new ordinary share for every existing eight ordinary shares, and one new ordinary share for every existing sixteen deferred shares. Presumably the selling that resulted from the announcement can be attributed to holders who were realizing a portion of their holdings to finance the taking up of their quota of new shares on the remainder. As for the Company itself, the vastness of its interests can only be appre-

ciated by carefully studying the chairman's speech, which was published in this REVIEW last week. Suffice it to say that it ranks among the world's great combines, and there is every reason to assume that as the years progress its interests will expand and its profit-earning capacity increase.

### ANGLO-FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

At the statutory meeting of the Anglo-Foreign Newspapers, the chairman informed the shareholders that the Company possessed, or had settled terms for acquiring, properties which would give the Corporation a return in the first year of at least £100,000 on the present profit basis, a figure upon which the Board were confident they would enlarge. He explained that one of the Company's aims had been to acquire a participation in, or control of, undertakings which occupy specialized or pivotal positions, and while they intended making no spectacular or revolutionary changes in the interest they had acquired, they had satisfied themselves that these publications were capable of considerable improvement and expansion. In view of the fact that the shares of this Company are standing on the Stock Exchange at under their issue price, presumably with the object of reassuring the Company's 15,000 shareholders, the chairman referred to the subject. He stated: "It is with some reluctance that I think it perhaps necessary to refer to the market price of our shares, over which a board of directors has no control. I can give you the directors' assurance that from the point of view of the Company's earning capacity and still more its potentialities, the present discount is unjustified."

### DUNLOP RUBBER CO.

The fact that the Dunlop Rubber Company would declare a decreased dividend had been generally anticipated, but the announcement that to pay a dividend of 20 per cent. as compared with 25 per cent. last year had necessitated the directors crediting their trading account with £1,500,000 from reserves appropriated from profits in former years, came as a cold douche to the market and led to a sharp set-back in the price of the shares, the nominal value of which, it will be remembered, is only 6s. 8d. The Company during the past year has had to face what is presumably a non-recurring loss, caused by the removal of the restriction on rubber. At the same time, one is forced to the opinion that the Dunlop Company is also having to face far more serious competition than in the past, which is bound to have an effect on its balance sheet.

### NORTHERN RHODESIA

Despite the setback in the price of copper, the prices of Northern Rhodesia Copper Mining shares have been comparatively well maintained. Although a firm believer in the mineral wealth of Rhodesia, when the recent rise in the price of these shares started on American buying, I felt that the market might prove a dangerous one because in the event of American purchasers desiring to sell it appeared difficult to see any buyers this side to take the shares. It has been interesting to watch during recent months how this upward movement has continued, despite the fact that the general body of investors in this country have held aloof. It is safe to say that considerably more shares have been sold by the general public than purchased. Any shares that came on the market, however, have been

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## Company Meetings

## ANGLO-FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

## SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS

## SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS FORECASTED

The Statutory Meeting of Members of the Anglo-Foreign Newspapers, Ltd., was held on April 19 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Mr. Henry S. Horne (chairman of the Company) presided. The Chairman said: This undertaking was formed as a result of a carefully conceived plan for the purpose of acquiring, founding and developing newspaper and allied undertakings at Home, in the Dominions and abroad. It was created after an investigation by experts lasting over a year, and our thanks are due to our Vice-Chairman, Sir Robert Donald, and those associated with him for their help and guidance. I venture to say there are few men possessed of wider experience and knowledge of the Newspaper industry than Sir Robert Donald. Among the important positions he has occupied in the newspaper world he was for twelve years Chairman of the Empire Press Union, which represents the newspapers of the British Empire. As a result of these investigations, my colleagues and the interests associated with us decided that there was a great field for the profitable employment of capital; negotiations were therefore brought to a point when finance became necessary to carry some of these projects into effect. We did not announce our plans for the sufficient reason that our immediate and our future programme would have been jeopardized in order to satisfy curiosity, which in some quarters was not entirely disinterested.

Although it is but such a short time since this Company was formed, we have done a great deal. We already possess, or have settled terms for acquiring, properties which should give to your corporation a return in the first year of at least £100,000. This is on the present profit basis, but we are confident that, with the assistance of the technical personnel we have been able to obtain, we shall enlarge upon this figure.

One of our aims has been to acquire a participation in, or control of, undertakings which occupy specialist or pivotal positions, and we have satisfied ourselves that these publications are capable of considerable improvement and expansion. In addition to the figure I have just given you, we may anticipate further profits when the co-ordination of certain of our properties has been brought to a stage which permits of their treatment as a separate entity.

## PROPERTIES CAPABLE OF GREAT EXPANSION

We have discovered many instances of valuable properties and enterprises which yield a profit quite satisfactory to private ownership, and which are capable of infinitely greater expansion, but are in many cases retarded by a lack of the essential resources of large-scale finance and aggressive expert direction. It is part of our policy to take over, and develop such properties, and already, as I have indicated to you, important and valuable assets have been acquired on favourable terms.

We are on a definite income-earning basis, and without being over sanguine, we believe that, with other acquisitions likely to be effected in the near future, we shall receive an income capable of providing substantial dividends. We have already completed the purchases of interests in this country which are not only immediately revenue-earning but which we are satisfied will materially increase in value.

Turning to our developments abroad we have purchased on a satisfactory basis a substantial interest in a highly profitable newspaper on the Continent. We are in negotiation with regard to another very important Continental undertaking and, if certain conditions we have laid down are accepted, this business will result in the establishment of a wider European connection.

## OPPORTUNITIES IN CANADA

We have not been less active in the British Empire overseas and Sir Robert Donald sails for Canada to-day to continue investigations which have shown that there exist opportunities for the profitable employment of our funds. We have been for some time discussing this particular situation with leading groups on the other side, having also in mind our other overseas plans, and we have already taken steps to inaugurate a holding Company which will be domiciled in Canada and in which your Company will hold a substantial interest. This may, we hope, lead to the formation of an Imperial newspaper organization which you will agree holds out great possibilities for work of a useful nature in relation to British Empire interests.

We may also become, as a result of a proposition now under consideration, identified with most powerful interests in another part of the British Empire. In this connection, a member of our organisation, Mr. Frank Hillier, a gentleman of wide experience in Fleet Street, has left to report upon certain newspaper propositions where our negotiations from the financial and commercial angle have reached an advanced stage, and which we have reason to believe would prove valuable additions to our holdings.

We are confident that the shareholders, who number over 15,000, will endorse our policy, and my colleagues and I are confident we shall have a balance sheet to place before you more than justifying the overwhelming success of the issue of the Anglo-Foreign Newspapers.

The proceedings then terminated.

## NATIONAL MINING CORPORATION

The Ninth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the National Mining Corporation, Ltd., of 428 Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C.2, was held on Thursday last at River Plate House, E.C.

Mr. Herbert Guedalla (the Chairman) said that the profit and loss account showed that the company realized profits to the amount of £194,131, as compared with £145,514 in the previous year. They carried down to appropriation account £159,197, and had written off investments £90,470, while they had made provision for income tax of £10,000 and had paid a dividend No. 3 amounting to £59,140, leaving £64,952 to be carried to the balance sheet, as against £65,365 in the previous year.

By far their largest investment was their interest in the Roumanian Oil Co., entitled the Societate "Sospiro," which held the oil rights over about 50,000 acres situated in the midst of the Roumanian Oilfields. During the year under review, the Societate "Sospiro" had continued the exploration of these lands, and an extensive drilling programme had been carried on at several different points of this large territory for the purpose of testing and proving the productive value of the oil-bearing structures which the geological survey had shown to exist. This survey to the extensive area of the property, was as yet incomplete, and in addition to the oil structures which had already been located, there remained to be examined several further interesting areas which, judging from operations in their vicinity by other oil companies, might prove to be of great importance. The Board were confident that the development of the great potential values of this most important property would not only be greatly accelerated, but would also be attended at an early date with definite and satisfactory results.

With regard to the Amalgamated Oil Lands of Roumania Ltd., he was glad to say that a distinct improvement had taken place during the year and quite a valuable production of oil was now being obtained from certain wells.

They still had their important holding in the Chemical and Metallurgical Corporation, Ltd. They had no reason to doubt the great value of this process, and a considerable part of the large plant at Runcorn was now in operation.

The Chairman proceeded to deal with the company's interests in Camp Bird Ltd. and the Santa Gertrudis Company, Ltd. and, through them, in the Mexican Corporation. The recent revolution in Mexico, which he thought could now be regarded as finished, has had an unfortunate effect on the market value of these particular securities. As a matter of fact, production had been continuing as usual and the only inconvenience had been some delay in the shipment of products. The Santa Gertrudis group of silver mines at Pachuca, Mexico, continued in normal production and was earning regular profits. Dividends of 3s. per share per annum were being paid and the company was in an exceptionally strong financial position. The position of the Mexican Corporation was a very interesting one. Through its subsidiary in Mexico, this Corporation had a 50 per cent. interest in the well-known Fresnillo Lead, Zinc, Silver property. This property was to-day earning profits at a rate exceeding £300,000 per annum.

Coming nearer home, Moler Products Ltd. was fast establishing itself in the building world and the merits of its particular product were becoming more and more appreciated.

For the past two years the Mill Close property had passed through a lean period of poor development and low lead prices. After great trouble in dealing with the large volumes of water encountered, development had now been carried below the previous bottom level and had exposed ore of unusual richness, the full extent of which had not yet been determined.

As to the various interests in Venezuela, the geophysical examination of the South American Copper Company's property was being continued with promising results. During the year they acquired an interest in the Bolivar Venezuela Gold Mines, Ltd. The management had opened up a stockwork formation on the property and this had proved to be of such importance that the directors had decided to concentrate on developing this deposit and were making arrangements to start with a 200-ton mill unit.

During the year they accepted participation in conjunction with the Consolidated Mines Selection Co. and the Anglo-American Corporation in the Mawchi tin and wolfram mine in Burma. This property had been a producer for a number of years, but under forced production at the request of the Ministry of Munitions during the War, the reserves were depleted. It later became necessary to shut down the mill and inaugurate an extensive development campaign. This was now well under way, and it was contemplated to again start production by about the beginning of next year.

On the Lagares Tin Mines Ltd., which was situated in Portugal, he was glad to state that developments during the past fifteen months had quite come up to, if not exceeded, their expectations. It might be taken that at present the ore reserves were certainly more than 200,000 tons of highly payable ore, taking tin at a price of £200 per ton.

They had smaller interests in such companies as Lake View and Star Ltd.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

quickly absorbed by the insiders in this country and the powerful groups in America who are interesting themselves, apparently to a large extent, in this field. One cannot fail to be impressed with the buying that has been progressing and by knowledge of the confidence that great mining experts place in this field. Nevertheless, it still appears a dangerous market for the speculative investor, unless he is prepared to lock away any shares that he purchases for a period of one or two years and to ignore temporary market fluctuations. Among the lower priced shares in this field, with the proviso stipulated above, Loangwa Concessions appear worthy of attention. This Company was formed as an amalgamation of the Loangwa Concessions, Kasempa Concessions and Serenje Concessions, and the company holds directly from the British South Africa Company exclusive prospecting rights until April 30, 1935, over an area of approximately 85,000 square miles. Geologists of repute who have visited this country express the definite opinion that it will be surprising if one or more mines of a similar value to Roan Antelope and N'Kana are not located on this area. Naturally it will take several years to prospect it, but meanwhile it appears possible that speculative interest may raise the price of these shares to higher levels. Should at any time borehole results locate rich values, then these shares could easily appreciate substantially.

#### ATTOCK OIL

Attention is again drawn to the potentialities of the oil market, which is likely to be the centre of activity in the second half of the present year. It is suggested that those possessing the necessary patience would find the moment opportune for acquiring such shares as Shells and Anglo-Persian, as the present levels of both of them present considerable scope. Of the miscellaneous oil shares, favourable news reports are given of Attock oil, and despite the rise these shares have enjoyed, it appears that they are still well worth locking away at the present level.

#### ASSOCIATED AUTOMATICS

The aftermath of the glut of issues in connexion with Automatic Machine Companies is now being experienced in the fact that the prices of the majority are standing at considerably lower levels than those recorded some months back, when the opinion was expressed in these notes that this was inevitable and that the utmost caution should be exercised. As an exception, the Associated Automatic Company appears attractive in this group, and at the present price these shares seem well worth locking away for capital appreciation; for this reason I draw attention to them.

#### MELBOURNE HART AND CO.

Shareholders in Melbourne Hart and Co. should be well satisfied with the results achieved during the past year as outlined by the chairman at the meeting held this week. After deducting all charges and expenses, and providing for income tax, this well-known firm of Havana cigar importers earned a net profit of £27,886.

#### COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the Meetings of the following Companies: Anglo-Foreign Newspapers Ltd., National Mining Corporation Ltd., London Assurance Co., Army & Navy Co-operative Society Ltd., Rio Tinto Co., Ltd., Melbourne Hart & Co., Ltd., and Apollinaris & Johannis Ltd.

TAURUS

#### Company Meetings

### THE LONDON ASSURANCE

#### REVIEW OF YEAR'S BUSINESS

#### "QUIET AND STEADY WORK"

The Annual General Court of the London Assurance was held on April 24 at the Office, 1 King William Street, E.C. Mr. Colin Frederick Campbell (the Governor) said that the accounts did not present any outstanding feature; in fact, he might almost say that they indicated a year of quiet and steady work—which, considering the general condition of trade in the country, was in keeping with the prevailing state of affairs. Marine insurance was an important and integral part of their business, and when this was passing through a difficult period they could not expect those additions to their reserve funds to which they became accustomed when every branch of the business was producing large profits. He did think, however, that they might be fairly satisfied with the improvement in their marine account.

#### LIFE ACCOUNT—BONUS PROSPECTS

The life account submitted was a particularly good one. The fund had increased by £429,000, following on an increase of £352,000 a year ago. The premium income was higher by £115,000, and the rate of interest earned was £5 9s. 8d. per cent. The mortality experience continued to be extremely satisfactory, the number of deaths last year being only 63 per cent. of that expected. Three years of the present quinquennial period had now passed, and each one had proved satisfactory, so that the bonus prospects for the end of the current quinquennium were encouraging. There was a noticeable preference now for "with profit" policies owing to these prospects.

#### FIRE DEPARTMENT

The profit in the fire account was not as large as they had experienced in recent years. This was mainly due to a decline in income without any corresponding decline in losses; in fact, the latter were about £60,000 higher. The greater part of this increase arose from the home business. The aggregate losses in the United Kingdom for 1928 were reported to have been about £1,500,000 in excess of the total for 1927, and the loss ratio of the Corporation for England and Scotland was the worst for several years.

They were so accustomed to good results from the fire department that any reduction in the profit was disappointing, but they had an extensive organization at home and abroad, and, with any favourable movement in trade, coupled with some lightening of the loss ratio, they should be able to return to the satisfactory average of results obtained in recent years. The fund remained at £1,650,000, and the additional reserve was increased by about £22,000. They had transferred £117,688 to profit and loss account.

#### MARINE AND ACCIDENT BUSINESS

Turning to the marine account, it was a matter of considerable satisfaction that no further support had been found necessary by transfer from profit and loss account, and that they had been able to maintain the marine fund at £1,000,000.

The accident business, which embraced many kinds of risks, including employers' liability, burglary, and motor insurance, continued to expand.

The Colonial and Foreign business had also increased, and the results generally were satisfactory.

#### THE DIVIDENDS

Referring to the profit and loss account and balance sheet, the Governor said that the amounts paid in dividends remained the same, and the balance carried forward was £238,874. The securities held by the Corporation continued to be of the same high class as in the past, and their present market value was considerably higher than that at which they stood in the balance sheet.

The Governor said he could not leave this review of the accounts without expressing once again their appreciation of the efforts made by all those working for the corporation both at home and abroad. There had been no real buoyancy in trade, and while this state of things continued it was extremely difficult for those actively engaged in furthering the interests of the corporation to increase the premium income and at the same time to keep down the loss ratio. Their management could rest assured that they appreciate the difficulties of the situation and the efforts they were making to meet them.

The report was unanimously adopted, and a dividend of 11s. 3d. per share, less income tax, was declared, 5s. 5d. being payable on May 1 and 5s. 10d. on November 1, 1929.

A further resolution was passed, and will be submitted for confirmation at an extraordinary general Court to be held on the 15th proximo, altering the regulations of the Corporation with a view to the payment of interim dividends instead of the dividend payable, as at present, in two instalments.

## ARMY AND NAVY CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, LIMITED

### INCREASED TURNOVER

The Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Ltd., was held on April 24 at Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, Westminster, S.W.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Ebury, D.S.O., M.C. (the chairman), who presided, said: "I have pleasure in being in a position to report that our turnover both at home and in India has increased considerably. ('Hear, hear.') The London sales have improved unquestionably as a direct result of the additional space which became available in Victoria Street, and I am glad to say we have more than recovered the leeway of 1926 and 1927 resulting from the industrial troubles that occurred, and have secured a further advance in our turnover upon previous records—a proof of the benefits that trade has derived from the better relations that have been established in industry. ('Hear, hear.')

Our trading profit and miscellaneous revenue shows an increase of £15,734. On the other hand, working expenses, including interest charges and depreciations, are more by £13,885, chiefly due to our increased wages bill, and we have a net profit for the year of £243,520, or an increase of £1,849, which added to the increased amount brought forward from last year—namely, £21,542, leaves us with an available profit of £207,885, or £23,391 more than the previous year.

### THE DIVIDEND

The proposed allocation of this amount includes a transfer of £30,000 to a reserve for development and improvements, a subsidy of £9,592 to pensions redemption fund, and a final dividend of 1s. 10½d. per share, amounting to £153,750, making, with the interim dividend paid in October last, a total of 2s. 6d. per share, or 25 per cent. for the year, and leaving £114,543 to be carried forward.

For various reasons I think it desirable to point out certain facts which are not always understood or borne in mind in regard to the dividend of 25 per cent. which we pay upon our nominal capital. Not the least of my reasons for so doing is that my attention has been drawn to statements in various quarters regarding the "growth of powerful trusts and combines in the distributive trade and the magnitude of the profits earned and distributed to the shareholders"—and so on and so forth—a form of utterance quite likely to lead to gross misapprehension in the minds of the unenlightened. The fact that we can pay a dividend "at the rate of 25 per cent. on our nominal capital" is due to its relatively small proportion to our turnover, admitting of this dividend being provided by the small margin of approximately 5 per cent. net profit.

### SMALL MARGIN OF PROFIT

There is yet another fact which I would like to put clearly before you, and it is that the interests of the consumer are not sacrificed to those of the shareholders. The Society's small margin of net profit is a proof that the policy for which it was established is being rigidly adhered to; in other words, that the quality and good value it dispenses are strictly maintained.

I have on previous occasions at a different stage in these proceedings referred to the elaborately organized steps we take to compare our goods and prices we charge with those of our competitors. The results of the comparisons recently made—covering a wide range of articles of everyday use—show that prices are higher at other establishments by an average percentage of 12½ per cent. In other words, the approximate saving to the customer works out at about 2s. in the £1. An exhibit has been arranged of these recent purchases and, if any shareholder wishes to inspect them, the management would be only too pleased to facilitate this, thereby affording you tangible proof of the great advantage which the Society's policy of trading provides for its customers.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

## RIO TINTO CO., LTD.

### SETTLEMENT OF TAX ARREARS PROJECTED ISSUE OF SHARES

The Fifty-Sixth Ordinary General Meeting of the Rio Tinto Co., Ltd., was held at the Cannon Street Hotel on April 24.

The Right Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, G.C.M.G. (chairman), who presided, said: Turning to the report and accounts, you will find that the first paragraph says: "As stated in the interim report, the company has had to meet large demands for arrears of taxes in Spain. These amount to £438,422 16s. 3d." Now, if you turn for a moment to the revenue account you will find "Arrears of Spanish taxes on produce, etc., paid £365,956 16s. 10d." a difference of £72,465 19s. 5d. This £72,000 odd we had to pay on the profits tax for 1922, and is an arrear which had to be paid quite unexpectedly, and quite apart from the arrears of export tax payments. The profits taxes for the years 1923-1925 are also still awaiting final settlement. This is no fault of ours, but results from the procedure followed by the Spanish "Taxes Jury," who, under the laws now in force in Spain, have the right in their own time to reassess taxes which have already been paid. We have appealed against this procedure, which makes accounting astonishingly difficult. Our appeal does not lie to the Courts, but to the Minister of Finance. In the meantime we have had to pay, and have taken the amount required from the taxes suspense account.

### ATTITUDE OF SPANISH GOVERNMENT

The arrears of taxes on produce, £365,956 16s. 10d., are in a different category. They refer to the years 1922-1925. There is no doubt that in those years the returns rendered to the Spanish Government showing the copper content of some of the pyrites exported from Spain were under-statements, and when on investigation the board ascertained that this was so, it had no alternative but to make the additional payments legally demanded. In this connection I desire to place on record my appreciation of the way in which the Spanish Government facilitated the prompt settlement of an unpleasant episode.

I now ask you to notice in the appropriations which you have before you that we suggest carrying the sum of £200,000 to an emergency account. This is to enable us to meet arrears in contingent taxes which are determined by the amount of the export taxes, such as transport tax, harbour dues and anchorage tax. Since the end of the year the amount owing on some of these contingent taxes has been agreed with the Spanish authorities, and payment is now proceeding.

The work at the mines proceeds satisfactorily and smoothly. The Spanish Treasury and Local Government authorities derived a revenue of over Ptas. 30,000,000, say £1,000,000 sterling. We distributed in wages, and for the purchase of stores in Spain, Ptas. 32,200,000, or, say, £1,100,000. We provided free hospital and medical services for the company's employees in Rio Tinto and at Huelva at a cost of Ptas. 720,000, say £24,000.

The distribution of ore from Norway, Portugal, and other countries is proceeding smoothly, and without any features or difficulties deserving comment. Our Welsh plant at Port Talbot is running well, and has had a satisfactory year.

### SUBSIDIARIES

The work of our subsidiary, the Pyrites Company, Ltd., is progressing most satisfactorily. Its great works at Wilmington, Delaware, are running smoothly and well. It paid us a 10 per cent. dividend this year, and should, I think, increase its capital to £500,000 from the present £300,000 of share capital. This will enable it to pay off an advance of £200,000 we made to it to enable it to complete its new zinc plant. The Pyrites Company is not, of course, confined to the United States of America, and its importance in other spheres is steadily increasing.

The European Pyrites Corporation, which we own jointly with the Metallgesellschaft, is continuing the work of European ore distribution satisfactorily.

In the United States the Davison Chemical Company, in which, as you know, we are large shareholders, is doing well, and through our association with it we have secured a further satisfactory outlet for our sulphur ores, which are used for the production of sulphuric acid for the manufacture of fertilizers in the United States.

### CAPITAL PROPOSALS

Our investments in subsidiary and affiliated companies stand at about £1,000,000 sterling, and this does not include the recent purchases in connection with Rhodesia. We have further developments in view outside Spain involving considerable capital expenditure, and we have therefore decided that we ought now to increase our capital. At an early date we propose to call the necessary meeting to get, if you so will, permission to issue another 50,000 Ordinary shares. These will be offered to the holders of Ordinary shares so far as possible pro rata to their holdings. Naturally you will wish to know if it seems likely that we shall be able to maintain the dividend on the increased capital. I think we can.

The report was adopted.

## MELBOURNE HART &amp; CO.

## A SATISFACTORY YEAR

## POPULARITY OF PUNCH HAVANA CIGARS

The First Ordinary Annual General Meeting of Melbourne Hart and Co., Ltd., was held at the company's registered offices, 31-34 Basinghall Street, London, E.C., on April 23.

The Chairman (Mr. P. H. L. Phillips) said: The report and accounts have been in your hands for some days, and, with your permission, I propose to take them as read. The balance sheet before you is a satisfactory one, and I am glad that the figures of the first year's trading of your company show profits in excess of the average given in the prospectus.

## THE YEAR'S RESULTS

The accounts show a net profit for the year, after deducting all charges and expenses and providing for income tax, of £27,886 0s. 3d.

The preference dividend, less tax, absorbs £3,500. It is proposed to write off the whole of the preliminary expenses, which are £13,123 12s. 8d.; to place to reserves the sum of £1,871 19s. 3d.; leaving a disposable balance of £9,390 8s. 4d., out of which the directors recommend the distribution of a dividend of 20 per cent., less tax, on the issued ordinary shares for the broken period from the incorporation of the company to December 31, 1928, leaving £2,271 10s. 6d. to be carried forward.

## PUNCH HAVANA CIGARS

Punch Havana cigars continue to grow in public favour, both at home and abroad, and I feel that the steady increase in sales will continue, popular demand being bound to increase as the exceptional quality of these cigars becomes better known. On my annual visit to Havana, from which I have only lately returned, I visited most Havana factories of note, and I have no hesitation in saying that for quality of tobacco, aroma, and workmanship Punch cigars are unsurpassed, and live up to our slogan, "Punch Cigars, Havana's Best."

Resolutions adopting the report and balance sheet, including the payment of the ordinary dividend, and re-appointing the auditors, Messrs. William S. Ogle, Sons and Porter, were carried unanimously.

## APOLLINARIS &amp; JOHANNIS, LTD.

The Thirty-Second Ordinary General Meeting of Apollinaris and Johannis, Limited, was held on April 22 at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. Alfred R. Holland, Chairman of the Company, presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the profits for the nine months to December, 1928, amounted to £65,225, or an average exceeding £7,000 per month. It was difficult to compare the nine months' period with previous years, but the three months not included were winter months, in which the profit would hardly have reached so high a figure. Since the reconstruction in 1923, a total of no less than £51,600 of Debentures and Deferred Interest Certificates had been redeemed and cancelled. The carry-forward, after deduction of sums as set out in the report, would stand at £90,681. It was evident from these figures that the company was making steady progress. The Chairman mentioned that when the business was restarted after the war, there was a heavy loss, which amounted to £13,238 in the year ending March 31, 1919. Since then there had been steady expansion, only slightly interrupted in the year which covered the period of the General Strike. Owing to the congestion in the neighbourhood of their wharf at Southwark the lease of a commodious wharf and storage premises at Rotherhithe had been purchased a few months ago. They had also opened in Marylebone Lane, an important thoroughfare at the back of their Stratford Place offices, a showroom for the exhibition and sampling of their various products. The Presta Aerated Waters continued to enjoy a growing popularity, due to their excellent quality, and where introduced, repeat orders had always followed. Although three years were hardly sufficient to establish such a business, it was already partly responsible for the increased profits, and he was full of hope for the future of Presta.

Mr. F. J. Schilling, the Managing Director, said with regard to their business in the United States and Canada, although the results of a small advertising campaign undertaken some years ago had not altogether come up to their expectations, another effort had been made last year, and he was happy to say the past nine months showed a distinct improvement in their American sales. After another brief visit to New York, he felt so hopeful of a further recovery in the American trade that he had recommended to the Board a continuance of the advertising campaign.

The report and accounts having been unanimously adopted and the dividend declared, the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the staff and the Chairman.

## NATIONAL REVIEW

Edited by L. J. Maxse

APRIL, 1929

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